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THE

Triumphant VVidow,

OR THE

MEDLEY of HUMOURS.

A

COMEDY,

Acted by HIS

ROYAL HIGHNES's

SERVANTS.

Written by

His Grace the DUKE of *Newcastle.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1677.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Lady Haughty,	*The Triumphant Widow.*
Iſabella,	*Her Kinſwoman*
Nan,	*Lady Haughty's Woman.*
Mall,	*The Chamber-maid.*
Cicely,	*The Dairy-maid.*
Margaret,	*Another Chamber-maid.*
Codſhead,	*A Coxcomb.*
Crambo,	*His Friend an Heroick Poet.*
Juſtice Spoilwit,	*A fooliſh old Juſtice much affected with clinching.*
Sir John [illegible]ddy,	*An arch Wag, a Coxcomb full of Monkey-tricks.*
Doctor.	
John,	*The Cook.*
James,	*The Butler.*
Gervas,	*The Grange-man.*
Fidlers.	
Footpad *three more,*	*Rogues.*
Conſtable, Officers.	
Rabble of Men and Women.	

THE

THE Triumphant Widow, OR THE MEDLEY of HUMORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Footpad *with four more Rogues.*

Footpad. NATURE never contrived so fit a place for the Retreat of Rogues as this, where we have found a Cave the Sun never saw, where we have our Lodging and Tyring-room; for your compleat Rogue must shift as often as your Player: I hate a Fool that will set up upon single stealing, any Block-head may do't.

1 *Rogue.* Well said, Noble Captain *Footpad*, you are a brave Rogue Commander both of Courage and Conduct.

2 *Rogue.* And truly we have rob'd as comfortably under you, as ever we did under any man.

3 *Rogue.* We were once sixteen of a Company, but this vile staple Commodity of Hemp has snatch'd away a dozen of the Number.

4 *Rogue.* But, Captain, this place is better than you think, for hard by here lives a wealthy Widow, young and handsom, she keeps a noble House, and has many Suitors, and a vast Resort of Gentry coming daily to her House, there will be prey enough for us.

Footpad. I know't, good Sir, I did not chuse this place for nothing: well the Trade of Rogues, a noble Trade, and thrives with many Professions; sometimes Rogue appears like a Gentleman, then Rogue walks like a great Man; but is in-

deed very like a Lawyer; ſometimes he is like a Scholar, but indeed they are moſt like Fools.

4 *Rogue.* Oh! but Rogue is very like a Politician Captain.

2 *Rogue.* And like a Courtier too i'faith.

3 *Rogue.* But is indeed the ſame with a Citizen.

Footpad. Indeed it fits all Trades, and Country-men; the Souldier's poor without it; the Gameſter cannot live without it.

1 *Rogue.* Seamen may ſcape it; for I have heard they are very conſcientious.

2 *Rogue.* O yes, eſpecially Pirates.

Footpad. Oh! but Rogue fits an Attorney admirably, it ſticks to him like his green Wax, the Attorney is married to't till death them depart: in ſhort, Mankind is one great, very great Rogue.

All. Ah, brave Captain.

2 *Rogue.* Well ſaid, noble Captain.

Footpad. But Roguing will not laſt long in one ſhape, I muſt ſhift like a Cameleon upon every occaſion; for my Charter of Rogue allows me the freedom of uſing of all Trades and Callings.

3 *Rogue.* Truly, Captain, you can appear in any Profeſſion, 'tis a great mercy you were well bred; for none but a man of good Breeding could have made ſo good a Rogue.

Footpad. I am beholden to my Parents for that, truly they did breed me very well, reſt their Souls, they were both ſlain at *Tyburn*, I heard 'em there at *Good people take warning*, but I had more Grace than to take it, but for my firſt transformation, I mean to turn Pedler, for I have left a Pedler faſt aſleep under a Hedge, I have ſtollen his Pack, and bound him, and now I am ſet up.

1 *Rogue.* How will you diſpoſe of us?

Footpad. Be gone to your retreat, when craft is to be uſed I'le do't my ſelf, when violence you ſhall aſſiſt me.

4 *Rogue.* But, good Captain, let us comfort and confirm our ſelves with the Catch you made upon our Vocation of Thieving, before we go.

Footpad. Come on.

They ſing.

Since ev'ry Profeſſion's become a lewd Cheat,
And the little, like fiſh, are devour'd by the great;
Since all Mankind uſe to rob one another;
Since the Son robs the Father, the Brother the Brother;
Since all ſorts of men ſuch Villains will be,
When all the World plays the Rogue, why ſhould not we?

All. Ah brave Captain.
Ah noble Captain.
Ah brave Captain.

Enter Gervas *and* Cicely, *with another Maid.*

Footpad. Let's away, I'le to my Pack, here come Cuſtomers, that young Wench will be overjoy'd at the ſight of a Pedler.

[*Ex.* Footpad *with Rogues.*

Gervas. Sweet *Cicely*, how long have you intoſticated me? I never was good Market-man ſince I had honeſtly a mind to your body, that's the truth on't.

Cicely. How can I help that? I never did any thing to you in my life, not I.

Gervas. You look ſo ſweetly upon me, you make my mouth water extremely, therefore if you like me ſo, if not, tell me; for would I might ne're ſtir, I'le not be ſo mudled again for all your Dairy, with all the product of Cream, Cuſtard, and Sullibubs, not I.

Cicely. Truly, *Gervas*, I cannot love.

Gervas. Love, why thou art a luſty Wench, and that will provoke thee, Love is nothing but being luſty, the reſt is twittle twattle: they ſay Love is a Boy, by the Maſs I think Love is a Girl by that: it may be you young Wenches think Love is a Boy, you love Boys too well to the diſgrace of Beards. Ah conſider, you know not what a man is, I would fain have you know me, there is pith, there is pith in a man, and that thou ſhalt find to thy coſt, if thou'lt but marry me, by the Maſs.

Cicely. Why, *Gervas*, I muſt think of it.

Gervas. Nay if you think of it, or I either, we ſhall never do't; let us marry firſt, and think of it afterwards, as moſt do: why, *Cicely*, I will give you a white Fuſtian Waſtcoat, and a brave Stamel Petticoat, regarded with black Velvet.

Cicely. Guarded ſure you mean, *Gervas.*

Gervas. Guarded, piſh that's but one Guard, and regarded is two, at the leaſt, you have no Language or Expreſſion. You are no Scholar, *Cicely*, one is the Singular Number, and two is the Plural, Oh a Grammarian is a fine thing, I will give you three, that's the Plural Number indeed.

Cicely. I thank you, *Gervas*; but what muſt I give you again?

Gervas. A little thing that ſhall coſt thee nothing, *Cicely*, Oh for a bleſſed Pedler, if it be thy will; for there are more Wenches won, with their Trinkets, than with any we have about us; mas wiſh and have. Look where he is, peace.

Enter Footpad *like a Pedler.*

Footpad ſings.

Come, Maids, what is it that you lack?
I have many a fine knack
For you in my Pedler's Pack.
Your Sweet-hearts then kindly ſmack,
If they freely will preſent you,
And with Trinkets will content you.

Cicely. Oh rare, how rarely he ſings!

[*Three or four Maids and Men come running, crying, Oh here's the Pedler, the Pedler.*

Footpad ſings.

Bruſhes, Combs of Tortoiſe ſhell
For your money I will ſell,
Cambrick, Lawn as white as milk,
Taffata as ſoft as ſilk,
Garters rich, with ſilver Roſes,
Rings with moral divine Poſies.

1 *Maid.*

1 *Maid.* Oh what brave things he has got!

2 *Maid.* Peace, peace, let him troll it away, he ſings curiouſly.

Footpad ſings.

Rainbow-Ribbands of each colour,
No walking Shop yet e're was fuller,
Various Points and ſev'rd Laces
For your Boddies ſtraight embraces,
Silver Bodkins for your hair,
Bobs, which Maidens love to wear.

1 *Man.* Oh this is a rare Fellow, I warrant he's pure Company.

2 *Man.* I warrant you he is very ingenious, peace.

Footpad ſings.

Here are various Pick-tooth Caſes,
And the fineſt Flanders Laces,
Cabinets for your fine Doxies,
Stoppers and Tobacco Boxes,
Cryſtal Cupids *Looking-glaſſes*
Will enamour all your Laſſes.

Cicely. Sure, *Gervas*, this is the Kings Pedler, he has ſuch rare things about him, and he ſings like a Nightingal.

Gervas. I believe he's the Kings Pedler indeed.

Footpad ſings.

Fine gilt Pray'r Books, Catechiſms,
What is Orthodox, or Schiſms,
Or for loyal Faith defendant
Presbyter, or Independent;
Ballads freſh, all ſinging new,
And all thoſe Ballets too are true.

Gervas. That's rare, come let's ſee 'em.

1 *Man.* Let me ſee.

2 *Man.* Stand away, let me come.

Gervas.

Gervas. You come! ſtand away, you Puppy, you have no judgment.

Cicely. Oh pray let *Gervas* ſee, he has a notable vein this way.

1 *Maid.* Ay, pray let *Gervas* ſee.

Gervas. Oh Ballets, fine Ballets, Oh I love a Ballet but e'ne too well, Heaven forgive me, for being ſo given to the love of Poetry. What are the Contents of this, for I ſcorn to read.

Footpad. Marry, Sir, a moſt lamentable buſineſs.

Gervas. Oh it's no matter, ſo it be a fine Ditty.

Cicely. Oh I love a melancholy Ditty, I can weep at a Ballet ſo ſweetly——

Footpad. Why it is of a Virgin of thirteen or fourteen that dy'd a Maid, that's the truth on't.

Gervas. Nay I'le be hang'd then, thirteen or fourteen, and die a Maid? it cannot be now a days.

1 *Man.* What a ſcandalous World this is, to abuſe a poor G rl ſo.

Gervas. Ay, and after her death too.

Cicely. Methinks they ſhould have more conſcience, than to ſpeak ill of the dead.

Gervas. Firſt and formoſt, I hope ſhe had more Grace than to die ſo, I ſpeak like a Chriſtian.

2 *Man.* If ſhe did die ſo, mercy of her ſay I, that's charitable I'm ſure.

Gervas. If ſhe did die ſo, let it be a warning to you Maids, to ſhun ſuch abominable ways.

Cicely. I hope it will, *Gervas*, be a warning, an' we had but Grace.

1 *Maid.* Yes we ſhould lay it to heart, and take warning.

2 *Man.* Look here, what fine Ballet's this?

Footpad. This is a very ſtrange Ballet, of a luſty Widow.

Gervas. A luſty Widow is no ſtrange thing.

Footpad. Yes a luſty Widow, that lives and dies chaſtly.

Gervas. Is't poſſible a luſty Widow live and die chaſt?

2 *Man.* Lord, Lord, what lying things theſe Ballets are, and to be in print too!

Footpad.

Footpad. All the Pariſh Hands are to the Certificate to confirm it.

2 *Man.* Puh, 'twas plain malice in 'em, to aſperſe a luſty Widow ſo.

Gervas. The Pariſh ſhould have had a luſty young Vicar, and he'd have converted her i'faith. Maids have a care; for you hope to be Widows, have a care I ſay of dying chaſt.

Cicely. Well, we'l think on't; but pray let's ſee his Ware.

Gervas. How now, *Cicely*, you are a Wag, have patience, and he will ſhew you all. Oh vile Fleſh and Blood! Oh corrupt Nature, to deſpiſe the edification of Ballets: but what's this?

Footpad. A Ballet of a Courtier that died rich.

Gervas. That's a miracle indeed, I warrant he cozen'd many a poor body for't.

Footpad. No, Sir, he ſcorn'd to meddle with the poor.

Gervas. That ſhew'd he had ſome conſcience; but Oh *Cicely*, here's the brave Ballet you and I uſe to ſing, I know it by the Picture.

Cicely. Oh pray let's ſing it.

They ſing.

Gervas. *To Fayrs and Markets I did go,*
Cicely. *And I did follow you, you know.*
Gervas. *As I return'd, I threw you down*
Cicely. *Upon the Graſs,*
Gervas. *My ſweeteſt Laſs;*
And ſo did give you a green Gown.
Cicely. *But if it chance my Belly ſwell,*
Gervas. *Then will Marriage hide it well.*
Cicely. *Your Son and Heir, or Daughter fair,*
If you'l not ſtay,
Gervas. *But run away,*
Is left unto the Pariſh care.

Enter a Servant in haſte.

Serv. Oh, Sirs, my Lady wants ye, there are a great ſort of ſtrangers that are to come to dine here, and none of ye in the way to receive Orders, come away.

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* Come, honeſt Pedler, up with your Pack, and follow us, we'l make you welcome i'faith.

Gervas. We'l buy all his Trinkets to the laſt Jet Ring, or inch of Incle, we'l hamper him i'faith, we'l leave him nothing.

Footpad. Bleſs you, bleſs you till I complain.

1 *Man.* Nay, *Gervas*, you ſhall go with us, and theſe Maids too come along.

Cicely. Ay, good *Gervas*, let's follow the Pedler.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II. *The Garden.*

Lady Haughty, Iſabella *her Kinſwoman*, Nan *her Waiting Gentlewoman.*

Lady. Well, *Nan*, have you given order to all the Servants to be ready, and to mind their buſineſs?

Nan. I have, Madam.

Lady. And whom ſhall I be troubled with to day, what Suitors, what Gueſts?

Nan. Sir *John Noddy*, Madam, has ſent word he'l wait on you. Oh he's the fineſt merry Gentleman.

Lady. Oh do you name him firſt? my Woman is my Rival, Couſin, there, ſhe is a well-wiſher to that Knight; therefore we muſt ſpeak well of that Coxcomb before her: but who elſe dines here?

Nan. Juſtice *Spoilwit*, then Colonel *Bounce*.

Lady. Worthy men indeed, we have a Coxcomb that lies in the houſe too, Mr. *Codſhead*, I think he will not be anſwered with his Friend and Governor Mr. *Cramho*, a Heroick Poet.

Iſab. Your Ladiſhips Houſe I think is the Exchange for Suitors, the Dining-room is always full of Lovers of you, and the Hall always full of eating Parſons, and other Lovers of luſty Dinners; but, Madam, every body wonders, that your Ladiſhip keeps open Houſe to all Suitors, and yet denies 'em every one their Suit of Love.

Lady.

Lady. I have answer'd most of the men of sense, but the turbulent Fools will still pester me: how I despise the little follies of Mankind, the little subtilties they think to intrap a Woman with, too cheap to cozen Babies with! I will triumph over all the overweening Fools, and still preserve the freedom of a Widow.

Isab. Your Ladiship is in the right; for Marriage now enslaves the Wife, but sets the Husband free.

Nan. But methinks solitary Widowhood is but an uncomfortable condition: can no man be fit for your choice?

Lady. None.

Nan. What says your Ladiship to a Souldier?

Lady. Oh he's too boisterous, I shall have no conversation from him, I shall hear of nothing but *Naseby*, *Edgehill* the first, and second *Newbery*, *Marston-Moor*, and the rest, nothing but of roaring Cannon, Battel, Murther, and sudden death; all his Discourse disordered and confused like a routed Army, one had as good converse with a Drum: besides they are debauch'd in drink, which is a great enemy to the civility that's due to a Wife.

Nan. What says your Ladiship to a Lawyer then?

Isab. A Lawyer! there's a Husband, what with his Terms, and his Circuits, a Wife may go hang her self for his company.

Lady. Right, Cousin, there's no enduring on't, unless it were lawful to make a Letter of Attorny to a Gallant; what should one do, there are so many Geosails, a Lawyer only makes his Entry to hold his Claim, that's all, I'le none of him.

Nan. What says your Ladiship to a Bishop?

Isab. A Bishop! why he cannot confer Honour upon his Wife; should I marry a Bishop, it would be your Lordship to him, and to me how do you, Mistress; no, I would draw in an equal yoke, when I do draw.

Lady. Besides he'l not be govern'd, he'd not let a Woman be Head of the Church; this makes a Wife show like a Concubine, which shows Marriage is unlawful to the Priesthood; then he entertains his Wife, as if he were teaching a Boy

Greek, as if we had no capacities but accidental.

Isab. You had best marry him, *Nan*, and let some Gentleman have good luck to Horse-flesh by you.

Nan. But, Madam, a rich Citizen is a brave thing.

Lady. I hate to see a Husband walk the length of his Shop as a Fox, or a Civet-Cat does the length of his Chain, backward and forward, backward and forward.

Isab. And then his House is so dark, as if he were mad, and put there to recover his Wits.

Lady. And a Garden scarce big enough to lye at length, and be buried in.

Isab. 'Tis a fine sight to see him strut ten yards before one on a Sunday to Church.

Lady. And if he be Sheriff or Lord Mayor, 'tis a comely sight to see him on a grey Gelding, with golden Trappings, sit in Judgment over penny Loaves and pounds of Butter.

Isab. Or to see him sleep over Malefactors at the *Old-Baily*.

Lady. Out on 'em, from their Custards, Fox-furrs, gold Chains, seal'd Rings, gold fring'd Gloves, little Cuffs, Chamolet Cloaks, and little plain Bands, Heaven deliver me.

Nan. You are very hard to please, but a Country Gentleman is——

Lady. Not to be endured, his head's full of nothing but Dogs and Hawks, and the House pester'd with here a Marrow-bone, there the excrement of a Dog, there the muting of a Hawk.

Isab. Out on 'em, Country Gentlemen take more delight in Beasts than in Women.

Lady. And he's no company, yet talks as confidently, as if he talked well, and as loud always, as if he were at a Horse-Race, a Bowling green, or a Cock-pit: I like him not.

Nan. Well, I'm sure a young Heir newly of Age, whose Father died young will fit you.

Lady. No, no, they are all Fools, caudled up by their Mothers.

Nan. Why there's it, Madam, are not some Wives twenty, nay some thirty years before they can make their Husbands Fools, and you shall have him to the first day, is not that to your advantage?

Isab.

Isab. Well said, *Nan*, that was home.

Lady. Oh but, *Nan*, your Squire Fool is a ſtubborn Animal, your dandled Fool made my young Maſter, by the flattery of old Serving-men and Country Neighbours, a wiſe man is more eaſily govern'd.

Nan. Ay, Madam, but I do not mean ſuch a young Heir, I mean one that's a Scholar, and has been at the Univerſity.

Iſab. Nay, *Nan*, there you are out, ſuch a Fool will be ſo peremptory, becauſe he can conſter and perſe a little Greek or Latine, to think himſelf a wiſe man.

Lady. That's true, Couſin, ſuch Fools as value themſelves upon Languages, never conſider Language is but a Trunk to convey our meanings by; for ought I know Welch is as good as Hebrew; a Dictionary is no wiſe book, nor a walking Dictionary a wiſe man.

Iſab. Suppoſe he has three words, Hebrew, Greek, and Latine for that Tree, he underſtands no more of it, than I do by the word Tree, nor the uſe of it more.

Lady. Right, Couſin, only his head is peſter'd with three words more than I have, which is to his diſadvantage; for men whoſe heads are full of words, are always empty of ſenſe.

Nan. Madam, your Ladiſhip is ſo haſty; I'de have him after he has been at the Univerſity, to be bred well at the Inns of Court.

Lady. Now you have hit it, one muſt needs be a dull Fellow, who eats nothing but dry Loins of Mutton, and pores all day upon huge Volumes of Reports, and Year-books, and Preſidents, or trots to *Weſtminſter*, and fills his Note-books with the Opinions of old Gentlemen in Coifs, and when they have got Law, they think they have got the very guts of knowledge; but their Worſhips are miſtaken, Wiſdom and Knowledge cannot be loſt: but where was their Law in the Rebellion? The Conqueror always makes Law, and alters Divinity as he pleaſes.

Iſab. And upon ſuch an alteration, where would be the wiſdom or uſefulneſs of Lawyers and Parſons?

Nan. Your Ladiſhip is very nice, I rather than have no

Husband, would have all the ill qualities of all these put into one man, and take him for a Husband, and without so much as a shirt too, or hopes of ever getting one.

Lady. Indeed, *Nan*, you are in a very desperate condition.

Enter Codshead *and* Crambo.

Isab. Yonder's *Codshead* and *Crambo*, good Madam, let's in and dress our selves.

Lady. Let's avoid 'em.
Come on.

[*Ex.* Lady, Isabella, *and* Nan.

Cramb. Lord, what ail you, Mr. *Codshead*, this morning? I never saw you in such a dump before.

Codsh. Faith I am as dull as a Dog, the Devil take me, and as lazy as a Dog i'faith.

Cramb. Why what's the matter, man?

Codsh. Why I was drunk as a Dog last night with the Butler i'faith, and I am sleepy as a Dog this morning, and cold as a Dog i'faith; but the Devil take me, I made the Butler spew like a Dog, and when I had done, I e'en left him, for he drunk like a Dog, and I warrant him he is as sick as a Dog; but for all that I am as hungry as a Dog, i'faith, for my stomach never fails me.

Cramb. Will you never leave off your Similes of a Dog? I have told you of this, why the Widow is a witty Woman, and will laugh at you extremely, and she'l never marry one she laughs at.

Codsh. Faith they lye so readily at one's tongue's end, I cannot avoid them, I hate to pump for a Simile; but the dear Dog serves one upon all occasions, as lean as a Dog, as ill-natur'd as a Dog, as dry as a Dog, as hot as a Dog, as cholerick as a Dog, as lame as a Dog, as deaf as a Dog, and a matter of a hundred and fifty more; but since you say the Widow will laugh, I will bite my tongue, but I'le avoid it.

Cramb. Practise before-hand, and see if you can talk without it.

Codsh. Faith I must have some other Phrase then, now don't I know what to say, I am as heavy and as dull as a Devil,

Devil, what a Devil shall I say to this Widow? Gad take me, she is as coy as a Devil, that is, she seems to be, but she'l dissemble like the Devil; Pox on't I am as sick as a Devil, I am in no humour to make Love, and this scurvy Widow is as proud as the Devil, the Devil take her.

Cramb. Lord, what a stir is here with the Devil! this is as bad as a Dog.

Codsh. No, the Devil's fitter for a Gentleman than a Dog, I hope; but I may use such Similes as these, as brown as a Berry, red as a Rose, black as Jet, soft as Silk, round as a Ball, sweet as Honey, drunk as an Owl, as strong as a Horse, as dull as an Ox, &c. Faith these are fine smart things in discourse, and fill up finely.

Cramb. Out on 'em common and dull, fit for Fellows of no sense, the Widow will never endure them, I can assure you, if you mean to get her, leave 'em.

Codsh. Pox on her for me, I don't know what I shall do with her, I must have something to fill up the chinks of my discourse. If you forbid me these excellent Similes, I must swear and curse bloodily, the Devil take me.

Cramb. And be damn'd will you?

Codsh. So one be damn'd like a Gentleman, with a good grace, especially when 'tis the fashion to be damn'd too, I think he's a strange ridiculous Fellow, that will take exceptions at it (for my part) I'm sure no Man of Honour will, they know better what belongs to a Gentleman than so.

Cramb. There's not so foolish and impertinent a sin as Swearing, not natural, no pleasure, though the rest of the deadly sins are pleasant, very pleasant.

Codsh. I never saw such a man in my life, may not one swear by Heavens?

Cramb. Why, that was an Oath in Kings *James* his time, and exploded long since.

Codsh. I have heard it was used in those days, when holy *Anchorites* called roaring Boys, dwelt in *Milford-lane*; but what say you to by my truly?

Cramb. 'Tis a childish Oath.

Codsh. Believe me 'tis pretty methinks.

Cramb.

Cramb. Believe me! why there's another, who will believe one another? now are not these foolish and unnecessary words?

Codsh. What say you to Faith and Troth? for I must have some word or other.

Cramb. Faith and Troth! why there's no Faith nor Troth amongst men now a days.

Codsh. Oh Lord, I have found out the finest, prettiest, innocent word, I'm sure will please you, Adaid, ah adaid, no adad, that's fine, very fine Adad.

Cramb. That's a silly word fit only for Fanaticks to cheat with.

Codsh. What shall I do? What shall I do? I have found it now I'm sure, as I am an honest man, as I am an honest man, so it be spoke loud and heartily, with your hand at your breast, and repeated often.

Cramb. Men may use that Phrase, and never be forsworn in this Age, but I'le not allow you that, nor by this light, they're Milliners Oaths, and Haberdashers of small Wares to cozen with.

Codsh. Mercy upon me, what will become of me? but I will use one word in despight of the Devil, as she is deadly handsome, deadly pretty, her complexion is deadly lovely.

Cramb. If you do use it, you will lose a friend of me, and I'm sure my Lady will laugh at you immoderately, 'tis ridiculous, deadly lively.

Codsh. Will you give me leave then to curse? as a Plague on you, *Jack*, a Pox take you for an arch Rogue, or so?

Cramb. By no means, men are apt enough to the Pox, without your cursing, if you mean the great Pox.

Codsh. Great Pox! what should I mean, the small Pox? rake you; that's not worth the cursing; but to a proud Lady's face 'tis a foolish sniveling curse, I would as soon say the measels rake you.

Cramb. But none of these will I allow you, they'r foolish affectations not to be endur'd.

Codsh. You are very rigid, what will become of me? neither as hungry as a Dog, nor as proud as a Devil, nor as drunk

drunk as an Owl, nor no full-mouth'd Oaths, nor midling Oaths, nor your pretty little, little Oaths, nor Curſes neither; why a faſhionable Gentleman ſhould not ſpeak at all by theſe Laws; if theſe were ſtrictly obſerved, our Gallants would be dumb, for they cannot ſpeak without them. Would you have a Gentleman to make ſigns, or ſay nothing but ah, ah, ah, like a Turkiſh Mute?

Cramb. Better than to talk affectedly or nonſenſically; why ſhould men be ſo fooliſh to uſe unneceſſary words?

Codſh. Oh lamentable! unneceſſary do you call 'em? Swearing is very neceſſary in many caſes, as in an Army for an Officer; if he ſays, Truly I will break your head, or, Truly I will hang you, the Souldier will not believe it; but if he lifts up his Cane, and cry Zounds, I'le pay you, he'l crouch and obey.

Cramb. This is a ſenſleſs errour, no man is thought honeſter, valianter, or truer of his word for ſwearing, they ſwear on purpoſe to cozen, theſe fooliſh by-words are nothing but cuſtom, try and break your ſelf on't, or you will certainly be laught at, and loſe this Widow.

Codſh. Well for your ſake I will try, but I ſhall ne're do't, at leaſt I ſhall have no joy in diſcourſe, it will be ſo dull and heavy.

Cramb. You are miſtaken, try in private.

Codſh. I will; but 'tis very hard, I'le to my Chamber and practiſe.

Cramb. Do ſo, and let's meet at dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Justice Spoilwit, *and a Servant of the House.*

Just. IS my Lady at home?

Serv. She is, Sir, but she's in her Chamber dressing.

Just. Prethee Friend call the Butler, that I may have a Cup of Sack before Dinner.

Serv. I will, an' please your Worship. [*Ex. Servant.*

Enter Colonel Bounce.

Just. Whom have we here? Coll. *Bounce?* Gad save you.

Coll. How do'st thou honest Justice *Spoilwit?*

Just. Thank ye Coll. but what wind brings you hither?

Coll. Why faith there is here a rich, and they say, a merry good humor'd Widow; and if she thinks fit, I'le venture my body with her in lawful Wedlock.

Just. But I will forbid the Banes, good Colonel *Bounce.* [*Aside.*

Enter Sir John Noddy.

Sir John. Fa, la, la, la, Oh honest Justice, how is it?

Just. Sir *John Noddy!* in good faith I am heartily glad to see you, now we are compleat, we shall be as merry as the Maids; Coll. this is a Friend of mine, pray know him.

Sir John. Noble Coll. I kiss your hands.

Coll. Your Servant, Sir: prethee Justice what Butterfly is this?

Just. Oh he is a very witty merry Knight, he's of the *Noddy's* of the North, an arch Wag indeed, la.

[*The Justice leans upon his Cane, Sir* John Noddy *strikes it away, and the Justice is ready to fall upon his Nose.*

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, brave Justice, ha, ha.

Just. Ha, ha, ha, ha, well go thy ways, thou art an arch one, you would make one die with laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Coll. mocking them. Ha, ha, ha, ha, i'faith, Sir, you would make

make one die with laughing, Pox on him: is this a merry, witty Knight, with his Monkey tricks?

Sir John. Faith I love to be merry, my Lord, my Neighbour is so pleas'd with me, he'l never be without me.

Just. Indeed, Colonel, he's excellent company, he would make one burst with laughing.

Sir John. I remember yesterday at my Lords, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Just. What *Sir John!* ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. I laid a hot stone in the Window, and his Man *Tom* came, and ha, ha, ha, did so horribly, ha, ha.

[*The Justice all the while laughs with him.*

Col. What burn him?

Sir John. Ay, ay, and he threw it away, and ran for Sallet-oil, ha, ha, ha, it had like to have kil'd my Lord.

Just. Ha, ha, ha, very good, nay you are the best at these things in the world, i'faith he is Colonel.

Col. As God save me, but if he should use me so, I would beat him exceedingly.

Sir John. Another time one of my Lords Men stood very soberly, I held my finger thus, and called him *Jack* of a sudden, and he turn'd suddenly, and hit his Nose such a bump, ha, ha, ha, I had almost died with laughing, and all that were by laugh'd so it was wonderful: my Lord hearing it ask't what was the matter, which they told him, then says he, I thought it could be no body but my Neighbour *Jack Noddy*; for there is not such a witty Fellow in the whole Country again.

Just. No more there is not i'faith, Sir *John.*

Col. The Devil take me, if I see any such thing, he is for ought I see a most gross, absurd Coxcomb.

Sir John. But says my Lord, these are gifts that Nature bestows on men, on some more, on some less, as she pleases: his Lordship is in the right, they are gifts, that's the truth on't, but ha, ha, ha. I remember another was standing by the fire, I heated the great end of my Riding-rod, and put it in his hand, he flew such a way, ha, ha, ha, from the fire, oh, oh, oh, oh: Men, Women, and Children laught so horribly, swear-

ing that Sir *John Noddy* was the beſt company in the Earth, and the wittieſt Gentleman.

Juſt. Look you there, Colonel, he is a very merry, brisk, facetious perſon indeed.

Col. He is a very witty perſon indeed.

Sir John. Alas, Sir, no not I, not I by no means, Sir, yet I ſwear my Lord will ſeldom be without me, eſpecially at *Chriſtmas*, if I be but away a fortnight at any time, he ſends poſte for me, he cannot be without me.

Col. Does no body ever take you on the pate for theſe things?

Sir John. No, no, ſometimes they'l ſay Leave your fooling, or I'le knock you, I vow I'de teach you better manners, were it not for my Lord, or ſo; then I laugh and proteſt I meant 'em no harm, and drink drunk with 'em, and all's well again.

Juſt. Ay, ay, why who can take ſuch pretty innocent mirth ill?

Sir John. And then I entertain them well at my houſe, and my Siſter makes much of them, they love me the beſt of any Gentleman in the Shire of any Quality.

Col. I find you have a very good Siſter, that will make much of people.

Sir John. I, Sir, ſhe's as good a Siſter as any man has, I thank God.

Col. Juſtice, one word with you, does he come to make Love to the Widow?

Juſt. I believe he does.

[*Sir* John *gives the* Juſtice *a jerk in the Ham, and laughs.*

Sir John. Ha, ha, oh, oh, hum.

Juſt. Ha, ha, ha, oh, oh, 'um, get you gone, you Wag.

Sir John. This is a Trick I have made my Lord laugh with, till he has been ready to fall down.

Col. For ought I hear he is the merrieſt Lord in *Europe*.

Enter the Butler.

Juſt. Oh how now, *James*, art thou come?

Butler.

Butler. I am glad to see your Worship well, Sir *John* I am your Worship's humble Servant.

[*Sir* John *beats the Butler's Hat out of his hand.*

Just. & But-ler laugh. } Ha, ha, your Worship will never leave these things, ha, ha.

Just. Ha, ha, ha, well you are the very'st arch one; but dear Sir *John* forbear, you will kill me with laughing, I shall break a vein i'faith.

Butler. Come, Gentlemen, will you please to take a cast of my Office, and take a Cup of lusty Canary or *March* Beer, that will make a Cat speak.

Sir John. Well said, *James*; but where's my Lady?

Butler. Not dress yet: come, Gentlemen, be pleased to walk in the while, her Ladiship's a dressing.

Just. Come, Gentlemen, I am for a Cup of Sack before Dinner clearly.

[*Sir* John *takes the* Justices *Cane, and sets it before* James, *who falls down.*

Just. Ha, ha, oh, oh, forbear, good Sir *John*, or I must leave you, I am not able to endure it, ha, ha, oh, oh, 'um,

Sir John. Faith I cannot help it, I love to be merry, ha, ha, ha.

James. Nay I know your Worship will never leave, till your mouth be cold, as the saying is, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes laughing.*

Enter Codshead, *walks musing.*

Codsh. Ha, you are all my Rivals, but there's ne're a handsome Fellow amongst them, the Devil take me; I am cursing again like a Devil; look there again, like a Devil, what shall I do to speak? I see the Justice is going with the Butler, he will be as drunk as an Owl—— drunk as an Owl, why there 'tis again! I will bite my tongue like a Devil, but that I'le remember it, again like a Devil! I shall be undone, what will become of me? I am in a desperate condition, Gad take me I shall lose the Widow: now am I swearing again, I will bite

my tongue enough to remember it; let me ſee your eyes, Madam, your bright eyes; ah it was a coming; your bright eyes have ſo enſlaved me, that the De----- (ah it was juſt a coming there) that I can no longer, as I ho--- there it was again; that, Madam, I can no longer call my heart my own; that was pretty well---- You are the pretty Thief that ſtole it, and go---- O Lord it was e'en out, this is a cruel pain; but, Madam, think me not rude, if I apprehend your Ladiſhip for this Love-felony: for if you do not reſtore my heart, or---- give me ſome comfort, the---- oh I ſhall be as dull as a---- oh hold, hold, it muſt be overcome with great labour and induſtry. Well before I marry her, I will do what I can to abſtain; but when I have her, I am reſolved to take my full ſwing: ha, there was a whole ſentence without oaths or curſes.

Enter Crambo.

Crambo. Oh Mr. *Codſhead*, I am glad to ſee you alone, you have been practiſing.

Codſh. I have a little I'm ſure, I ſweat for't.

Crambo. Come pray let me hear how you have profited.

Codſh. I ſhall never do't; yet juſt now when I was a practiſing, methought I did it pretty well, I ſee I muſt take great pains for it.

Crambo. Try I'le help you, begin ſome diſcourſe.

Codſh. Juſt now I met *Blunderbus*, my Neighbour, coming to the houſe.

Crambo. Did you?

Codſh. I vow 'tis true.

Crambo. I vow!

Codſh. The Devil take me elſe.

Crambo. What ſwear and curſe!

Codſh. Oh I beg your pardon with all my heart.

Crambo. What ſaid he to you?

Codſh. Why he ſaid he was as lean as a Dog, and fallen away like a Devil.

Crambo. Dog and Devil again!

Codſh. He ſaid I would not ſay't for a thouſand pound, he ſaid too I look'd as thin as a Shrimp.

Crambo.

Crambo. Thin as a Shrimp? pish you forget.

Codsh. No, I tell you he said, What no difference of persons! take me with such a trick, and hang me.

Crambo. Hang ye! that's fine.

Codsh. Lord, I never saw such a man in my life, why that was not in my Lesson; but to go on, I am sure if I look lean, this restraint must cause it, for want of due swearing and cursing, and some graceful expressions, I'm very much heart-burnt for want of 'em I'le swear.

Crambo. You swear.

Codsh. No, I said I would swear, but I did not.

Crambo. Why then you did lie.

Codsh. Why shall a Gentleman have no liberty, neither swear nor lie, nor any thing? this is to give over being a Cavalier, I had rather be a Cobler, he may swear and lie, and do what he will.

Crambo. So this was well, you begin to mend, try once again; what would you say, if you were with my Lady?

Codsh. Thus, Madam, I never saw so pretty a white Devil.

Crambo. Again at the Devil!

Codsh. Ay, a white Devil, why 'twas a black one you forbid; there are Devils of all colours, like Conies, black, blue, white, gray, what d'e lack, but you put me out; I will tell her she's a pretty Thief, and has stolen my heart.

Crambo. Ay, that's well, I would make use of that thought my self, shall I borrow it of you for my next work?

Codsh. With all my heart, and I am glad I have it to serve you I protest.

Crambo. Out on't protest!

Codsh. Lord, what shall I do?

Crambo. Not swear.

Codsh. Faith and Troth I do not swear.

Crambo. Are Faith and Troth no Oaths?

Codsh. Oh none at all to those Rappers I have.

Crambo. But you must not swear at all.

Codsh. Then I doubt I must not speak.

Crambo. But pray go on.

Codsh. I have forgot, you have put me out, I must go again and practise by my self.

Crambo.

Crambo. Do them to your Chamber.

Codſh. Well adieu then.

[*Exit* Codhead.

Crambo. How ſplenetick, how dull am I! when I would compoſe a Sonnet to the fair *Iſabella*, I am clouded with fogs and fumes, and ſuch a Theme would inſpire any man but me, I fear my days of ballating draw near, I am impotent, bewitched in Poetry, awake my drowſie Fancy, will my Muſe ſhow me a Jades trick at laſt? rowſe up.

Hum--- *Thou joy of my heart,*
Thou wonder of Nature,
Thou, Hum——— I can go no further.

It will not do, I fear I am loſt, I thought to have won her heart by Poetry, and now it fails me.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Is he here my Rimer?—— methinks he is a very dull Fellow, I have heard ſome of theſe Heroick men are very fooliſh; if they be all like him, they are better Subjects of a Play than Authors: 'twould be a great eaſe to Comical Poets to be ſupply'd with Heroick Fools.

Crambo. Here ſhe is; Madam, I knew you were here before I ſaw you.

Iſab. I warrant you heard me.

Crambo. No, Madam, the Garden ſmiled, and put on a freſh Verdure.

Iſab. It ſeems the Garden is merrily diſpoſed.

Crambo. Your preſence would turn a Winter into a Spring, ſince you arriv'd the Flowers became more fragrant, the bluſhing Tulips raiſed their drowſie heads, and ſtarted at the ſight of your bright Beauty.

Iſab. You are very Poetical this morning.

Crambo. Love, Madam, is the Fountain of all Poetry.

Iſab. I did not obſerve the Tulips to do that you ſpeak of.

Crambo. Poets and Lovers are quick-ſighted, Madam; Lilies look pale to ſee their white outvy'd in your fair Face, and Roſes bluſh for ſhame, ſeeing the freſher Crimſon of your Cheeks.

Iſab.

Isab. They are too modest of all conscience, I had thought the Lilies and Roses had had more discretion; but, Sir, I am glad to find you so Poetical, for my Cousin my Lady *Haughty* would beg the favour of you to make some pretty rustick entertainment in Poetry, she has Servants enough to study it, and Musick we have within our selves, here will be much Company, and it will much increase our mirth.

Cramb. She honours me with her Commands; if you would joyn your's, it would inspire me.

Isab. If that will do you good, I do:
Any way, so we have it done. [*Aside.*

Cramb. The Honour is infinite, I kiss your fair hands, it shall be done in a moment. [*Exit* Crambo.

Enter Mall *in haste.*

Isab. How now, *Mall*, whither in such haste?

Mall. My Lady has sent me to the Cook, Madam, to bid him make haste with Dinner.

Isab. 'Tis well. [*Ex.* Mall, Isabella.

SCENE, *the Kitchin with the Master Cook with three or four Cooks, and three or four under-Servants.*

Master Cook. Look to the Boiler there, keep gentle fires, see that the Olio be taken care of.

1 *Cook.* It shall be done, Master.

Master. Be very careful and diligent there in the Scalding-house.

2 *Cook.* They shall.

Master. You for the Range, look you spend as much Butter as you can for Fees, that we may not want another day.

1 *Cook.* I'le warrant you, let us alone for that.

Master. Arm the Roast-meat with Paper, my Lady's Bills, Answers and Depositions in Chancery, with all her Ladiship's Attorney's Letters, these are ordained for the Roast.

2 *Cook.* It shall be done, Master: then for the Pastry *Prins* Works with *Coriats*, *Crudities*, and the long Presbyterian Expositions

Expoſitions upon the Pſalms, with the old Ordinances of both Houſes.

1 *Cook.* All theſe we have already.

Maſter. Oh, if we had but ſome correſpondence with the two Play-houſes, they would furniſh us rarely, they ſay they have hundreds of Plays brought to them in a year, that are good for nothing elſe, we might buy 'em at two Shillings a Stone; theſe are thoſe they refuſe, and they might throw us ſeveral of thoſe they Act in to the bargain.

Enter Mall.

Mall. Maſter Cook, my Lady has ſent me to you, to deſire you of all loves, that you will take very great care, that the Meat may be well order'd, leſt ſhe ſhould be thought an ill Houſe-keeper, and you diſgraced.

Maſter. My Sweet-heart, firſt give me a Kiſs, and then I will anſwer my Lady.

Mall. Stand away, you are the ſtrangeſt man.

Maſter. In a word, we want all things we ſhould have, but I'le do what I can, and a man can do no more; but prethee ſit upon my knee, my Dear, here fill ſome Plum-porridge for this Gentlewoman, bring ſome of the Tarts and Cuſtards too, and you ſhall pay nothing, but now and then a Kiſs.

Mall. Nay piſh, Mr. *Cook*, my Lady will be an angred.

Maſter. Ounds, I love thee Sweet, and have done ever ſince I came to the Houſe, and ſo thou ſhalt find. *James*, prethee ſing the Song I made of Mrs. *Mary* to the ſingle Cittern: come bring out the Tarts and Cuſtards.

[*She eats ſitting upon his Lap.*

1 *Cook.* Come on.

Sings.

Fy, fy, this Love keeps ſuch a coil,
So high 't does boil.
Love's heat does make ſo great a fire
Of hot deſire,
That all my fancy it does trouble,
Love ſo doth bubble.
My loving Pot can hold no more,
But does run o're.

Maſter.

Maſter. How do you like it, my Dear?

Mall. I doubt you mean naughtineſs, forſooth, or elſe it is very pretty.

1 Cook. *Thou ſhould'ſt skim Love upon the top,*
Or with a Sop
To ſoak it, or elſe to dip it,
Many a Sippet
Would keep't within Love's circle, then
Stir it agen;
And if it riſe, 'twill down, you know,
If that you blow.

Mall. This is ſcurrility, as my Lady's Chaplain ſays.

Maſter. Nothing but ſimilizing, as Poets muſt do; but here's a Cup of Wine, my Heart and Soul to thee, Ounds no man loves you better than I do.

Mall. But I cannot ſtay, forſooth, my Lady will miſs me.

Maſter. But a little, go on *James.*

1 Cook. *Then diſh it up unto your wiſh*
In Love's ſweet Diſh:
When Love's ſweet morſels we have taſted,
None ſhall be waſted;
What's left we'l ſet up cold to eat
For butter'd meat.
An ill Cook now is he that lingers
To lick his fingers.

Mall. Oh gemini, what Songs you make me here! well I don't mind 'em, I don't underſtand 'em: come will you let me go, my Lady will chide me grievouſly.

Maſter. Good Sweet-heart, ſtay but one Song more, and I have done.

Mall. I'le ſtay no more Songs, not I: if you don't let me go, I purteſt I'le never come again.

Kiſſes her.] Look now, now Fiddles, you are the ſtrangeſt man.

Maſter. But one Copy of Verſes, dear Sweet-heart.

I will invite thee to Love's back-houſe,
There bolt our Love; for Love will make us
Not mealy-mouth'd, but in Love's Oven,
The heat that's there will make us loving.

Mall. Nay get you gone, I am a young Maiden, and not fit for theſe kinded things.

Maſter. *Nay good Sweet-heart, if thou ſay'ſt no,*
Then out, alas! my Cake is dow.

Look you there that's extempory, Mrs. *Mary*, how do you like it?

Mall. Farewel, I will not ſtay, that's once.

Kiſſes her.] Nay piſh, fy, get you gone.

[*Exit* Mall.

Maſter. Farewel my Heart and Soul with thee: here where's the Clerk of the Kitchen?

Enter Clerk.

Clerk. Here, what do you want?

Maſter. Want! quoth he, we want every thing in the World, a Pox on't.

Clerk. Be patient and you ſhall have all.

Maſter. Patience! Pox on patience, 'Sounds my Lady is diſhonoured for ever, you will never be able to repair it.

Clerk. Prethee what's the matter man?

Maſter. Blood, there wants a wooden Candleſtick in the Paſtry. Cook, quoth he! the Devil would not be a Cook at this rate.

Clerk. Is that the matter? that will be a great diſhonour indeed, come there ſhall be one.

Maſter. And then we have none but Ruſh-candles in the Kitchin, when we ſhould have Torches, it is ſo dark.

Clerk. Come be patient, and you ſhall want nothing, Mr. Cook, here is a Friend of mine, pray make him welcome.

Maſter. You're welcome, Sir, cut off a piece of the Chine of Beef preſently, ſome Anchoves, and Weſtphalia, here's a Boule of Sack to you, here give me the Can that meaſures Ale by the Yard, *Derby* meaſure, Sir, here's this Can of Sack

to

to you, Sir, I cannot ſtay, Sir, you ſee I muſt be gone Sir. Come, where are ye, ye lazy Rogues? fall to your work, open the Oven there, and ſee how the Pyes colour.

Clerk. Maſter Cook, you do not know the good qualities of this Gentleman.

Maſter. Truly I do believe he is a very civil Perſon, pray eat heartily, Sir: well, Boys, how are the Pyes?

2 *Cook.* All very well, Maſter.

Maſter. Look to the Boiler, it does not boil too faſt; but what were you ſaying, Sir? *Mich'y* good dit ye.

Clerk. This Gentleman plays rarely on the Muſick.

Maſter. Faith, Sir, ſince I have given you a caſt of my Office, pray give me one of yours, and i'faith here's the other Can of Sack to your health.

Muſic. With all my heart.

Maſter. Come out you Myrmydons, and ſhake your heels, i'faith I'le have a Dance, though my Lady has no Dinner.

2 *Cook.* Come out, Boys.

3 *Cook.* Come out, Lads.

[*They all come out and dance, while ſome dance, others are keeping time with their Chopping-knives.*]

Clerk. Very well done, Boys, well danc'd.

Maſter. Thank you, good Sir, here's t'other Can to you, Sir: come, my Boys, take up your Drum-ſticks, your Chopping knives, let the Dreſſer be your Drum, and upon the Butter-meats and Sallets beat a Call then, ſound your Trumpet, your Yard of Can for a Charge, and diſh up quickly.

Muſic. Why you have Military Terms for all theſe things.

Maſter. Sir, I have been a General's Cook, after Dinner I'le give a full deſcription of all, but now I cannot ſtay, farewel, Sir.

Muſic. Your Servant, Sir.

[*A great noiſe of chopping upon the Dreſſer.*

Maſter. Come you Rogues, take off your Cans, and be nimble to't, Boys.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Footpad *and the Rogues.*

1 *Rogue.* This was a brave buſineſs, and well laid.

2 *Rogue.* We unbound the Pedler, who roared out for help and inquir'd after you.

3 *Rogue.* We pitied his condition mightily, and told him we had ſeen you, and directed him a wrong way, whither he is gone in great haſte to purſue you.

Footpad. That was bravely done, with my Pedler's Pack I made 'em all cut their Purſes willingly, never Indian King parted with his Gold at eaſier rates for Hatchets and Knives, than my Coxcombs have parted with their Money for my Trinkets.

4 *Rogue.* What is the Purchaſe, Captain?

Footpad. Fourteen pounds and a Noble.

All. Ah, brave Captain.

Footpad. They pick't their own Pockets, but now I hope we ſhall pick 'em for 'em: they love Gypſies mainly, and methinks we look as like the Race of *Ptolomy*.

1 *Rogue.* As Hogs greaſe, and the Rind of Walnuts can make us.

2 *Rogue.* There are Strangers there, brave Gentry, an we could light o'them.

3 *Rogue.* Luck if it be thy will, that we thrive in our Profeſſion.

Footpad. Have at thee Fortune, they ſay thou art a Whore I will have a bout with, though thou art grown ſo common, thou favoureſt every Blockhead.

4 *Rogue.* Would ſome of the Strangers would come out to us, be ſure they're full of Money.

Footpad. Come, let's roar out our Song of the Gypſies with laudable voices, and that may train 'em out of the houſe.

1 *Rogue.* Come on, let's be merry by our ſelves.

2 *Rogue.* Come----- I love ſinging mightily.

Footpad. So well, that as thou liveſt ſinging, thou wilt die ſinging, a Pſalm I mean.

2 Rogue. *Oh the brave jolly Gypſie,*
Who often in Tipſie,
And has ſtrong Ale good ſtore.
With a little black Whore.
When credit does fail
With fat Hoſteſs for Ale,

He

He grows dogged and ſullen,
Steals her Geeſe and her Pullen.
And Linen that's bleaching,
If it be within reaching,
'Tis juggled away
By night or by day.

Then Fortunes we tell,
But ſtealing does well
To help out the Trade,
Which is ſomewhat decay'd.
When Maids are a kiſſing,
Their things never miſſing,
Then we take our time,
And think it no crime,
And then the next morning,
Their Hue and Cry ſcorning,
We care not a ſtraw
For their Statute Law.

1 *Rogue.* Here come ſome of 'em.

Enter Juſtice Spoilwit, *Colonel* Bounce, *and Sir* John Noddy, *and Butler.*

Juſt. We'l take a Turn here before Dinner, bring us word when her Ladiſhip comes down.

Butl. I will, Sir, I muſt go look after my Miſtreſs *Margery*: here are ſo many Gentlemen's Men, I ſhall have one or other ſnap her up.

Juſt. I'faith was it you that made this Muſick? you are brave Gypſies, melodious Gypſies.

Sir John. Where are the reſt of your Company?

Footpad. They are behind, an pleaſe your Worſhip, but I am chief.

All Rogues. This is our Captain.

Juſt. What, I warrant you can tell Fortunes, prethee look in my hand, and tell me mine.

Col.

Col. Prethee, *Juſtice*, why wilt thou be ſuch an Aſs? doſt thou think they can tell?

Juſt. Colonel, I do aſſure you I have known notable underſtanding men, men of excellent parts Gypſies.

1 *Rogue.* Sir, I'le warrant you, I'le tell you yours.

Col. I'm ſure I'le give you nothing.

1 *Rogue.* 'Tis no matter.

2 *Rogue.* Sir, let me ſee your hand.

[*The* Juſtice *and Sir* John *give 'em money.*

1 *Rogue*—— *By your* Venus *Trench*
You ſhould love a Wench.

Col. Should? why I do you Puppy, and ſo does all the World.

Footpad. I ſee plainly that you will be Knighted, and marry a rich Widow.

[*As they tell their Fortunes, they pick their Pockets.*

Col. Ounds ye lying Rogues, to flatter him ſo.

Juſt. Good Sir, have patience, 'faith they are men of skill, I know 'em.

Footpad. How Fools will lie, and help to cozen themſelves!

Juſt. So God ſave me, I have known ſome Gypſies predict as well as *Lilly* or *Gadbury*.

2 *Rogue*------ *Sir, it has been your miſhap*
In your time to get a Clap.

[*They all laugh.*

Col. What dull Rogues theſe are! why you Raſcals, is there a Gentleman that has not had a Clap?

Sir John. Faith and Troth I have had ſix, little and great, ha, ha, ha,

Juſt. Ha, ha, ha; but i'faith ſhall I be Knighted, and marry the Lady, hah?

1 *Rogue.* Pray, Sir, let me ſee,
By your hand and this line
You love a Glaſs of Wine.

Col. Why you abominable dull Raſcal, does not every body love Wine and Women? there's a Secret indeed; why thou ſtupid blockheaded Puppy, I could beat thy brains

out,

out, if thou had'ſt any: come, a Pox on't, let's be gone.

Juſt. Nay, good Colonel, have patience, alas! you do not underſtand theſe things, theſe are gifts.

Col. Gifts! I'm ſure, I'le give them nothing.

3 *Rogue.* Alas, Sir, I am ingram man, I deſire no money, I'le pray for your Worſhip.

Col. Ay, I think you may have wit enough for that.

Footpad. By this Line of Honour, Sir, I find you'l be made a Lord before you die.

Col. Come away, you blockheaded Juſtice.

Juſt. Well I come; a Lord! Oh brave, a Lord! well ſtay here, and I'le get my Lady to ſend for ye, and pray let her know that ſhe is to marry me.

Col. Come away, poor witleſs Cheats, poor Fools.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, look you there, Juſtice.

[*Sir* John *ſtrikes away one of the Gypſies Sticks.*

Juſt. Ha, ha, ha, I thought we ſhould have ye i'faith, hah, ha, ho, ho.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, have I caught you, Juſtice?

[*Sir* John *walks with his hand upon the Juſtice's ſhoulder, whips off his Hat.*

Juſt. Ha, ha, ha, you will never leave i'faith, you are the pleaſanteſt man, ha, ha, ha.

Col. Come, theſe are the ſilleſt cheats.

[*Ex.* Col. Juſtice, *Sir* John.

Footpad. Go your ways, you'l find your ſelves Fools by and by.

'Tis true you are witty, but my judgment's righter,
Since my Pocket's full, and your Pocket's lighter.

Come my brave Rogues, let's be gone, this was a brave booty, let's away, and ſhift and divide, leſt if we ſhould ſtay, we may be taken and hang'd about this buſineſs.

All. Come away, noble Captain. [*Ex.* Rogues.

Enter Lady Haughty, Iſabella, Nan.

Lady. Where are my doughty Lovers? I have ſtay'd a pair of minutes for 'em at leaſt.

Iſab.

Iſab. Some Ladies would be as proud of ſuch a Train of Lovers, as Lawyers are of many Clients, or Divines of heaps of Pariſhes to follow them.

Lady. Some Lady would ſtrut and take upon her, like a new upſtart Favourite to a Prince, that flyes above the Gentry of his Country, and uſes 'em ſcurvily. Indeed I have not much reaſon to triumph to day, for I have none but Coxcombs.

Iſab. But you have every day variety, as a Favourite has.

Lady. And I uſe 'em ſcurvily too, but yet they come and diſſemble, fawn, flatter, worſhip, and fall down before me, as if they took me for the golden Calf, and I all the while look upon them with the ſame ſcorn, that a new-raiſed Favourite does upon his Betters.

Nan. Did your Ladiſhip find ſuch great affliction in Matrimony, that you are ſuch a violent enemy to it?

Lady. So much, as I am reſolved never to be ſo conſtrained again, I'le continue as free as Nature made me; why ſhould we ſubmit to that fooliſh Animal Man? Let him be head! I'le keep the Fools at a diſtance, and make them crouch.

Nan. But I hear of one Courtier too, that is coming down, that will win you, the fineſt nice, perfum'd, periwig'd, feather'd Perſon in the World.

Lady. I know who 'tis; what ſhall I marry an outſide of a man, a Fellow put together by a Milliner, Perfumer, Feather-man, and French Taylor?

Iſab. When Women fall much in love with men for their fine Cloaths, I wonder they are not more in love with the Taylors that made 'em.

Lady. A rich Suit out of an old Wardrobe would make as good a Huſband, I'le give a Receipt of him: Take fine rich Cloaths, and do not pay for 'em, take a Barber for a Counſellor, rail at all but the preſent, ſcorn and endeavour to depreſs all Arts and Sciences, which he knows nothing of, whiſper Proclamations in your ears for Secrets, tell you what the King ſaid to him once upon a time that ſhall be nameleſs, when he ſcarce takes notice of him once a year, perhaps ſpeaks to him neer.

Nan.

Nan. Oh, but they are rare men for making Love, Madam.

Lady. Faith they have but one Receipt of making Love, which is like an Almanack for the Meridian of the Court, and generally ſerves 'em for all *England*, Quack-ſalvers, Empiricks in Love, that have but one Receipt for every thing. The common High-way of Love, flatter you, and condemn others, extol your Wit, and yet think to make you a Fool, praiſe your Vertue, and yet ſtrive to lie with you.

Iſab. And at ſuch eaſie rates too, ſwear he is your Vaſſal, and lie at your feet, nothing but lie, cog, flatter, and diſſemble, which can cozen none but overweening ſelf-Lovers.

Lady. Right, Couſin, they can deceive none but thoſe that contribute to deceive themſelves.

Nan. Lord, ſhould one ſuſpect honeſt Gentlemen, when they give one ſo good words too?

Lady. They that do not ſuſpect, will be more than ſuſpected.

Nan. For what, Madam?

Lady. For Fools.

Nan. But here come the Gentlemen now, Madam *Iſabella* obſerve Sir *John Noddy*, 'tis the merrieſt pretty Gentleman.

Enter Juſtice, *Sir* John, Colonel, *they ſalute the Ladies.*

Lady. Gentlemen you are welcome, Sir *John* how do all our Friends in your Country? how does my Lord your Neighbour?

Sir John. Very well, Madam, I was a hunting with my dear Lord t'other day, and he lighted, and we all lighted, and I ſneaked behind one of his Gentlemen, and thruſt him into a plaſh of water, ha, ha, ha.

Juſt. Very good i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. But had you ſeen my Lord how he laught, the tears ran trickling down his Honour's cheeks, he deſired me to forbear, or I ſhould kill him, then charged every body not to ſpeak of it, that he might tell it firſt when he came home.

Nan. Madam, did not I tell you, what a pretty, witty, wild Gentleman Sir *John* was?

Juſt. Madam, yonder are Gypſies without have told us our Fortunes: if your Ladiſhip pleaſe to hear your's, i'faith they are rare men, men of excellent skill,

[*He feels in his Pocket.*

ha, hum, what a Devil, Oh Pox where's my money? O Devil.

Lady. What's the matter? have the Gypſies bewitch't you?

Juſt. O Lord, Oh they or ſome body have pick't my Pocket of five pound in Silver, and forty pound in old Gold.

Col. Truly, Juſtice, they are men of skill, excellent skill.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, oh, oh, hum, what have your Pocket pick't, Juſtice? that a man ſhould be ſuch an Aſs!

Col. Ha oh, Devil, where is it? Ounds, they have done the ſame for me, I have loſt every croſs.

Juſt. Oh, have you ſo, Colonel?

Sir John. I am the Son of a Strumpet, if they have not got all mine too.

Juſt. Ha, ha, ha, Knight, your Pocket pick't! that a man ſhould be ſuch an Aſs, Knight!

[*The Cook knocks on the Dreſſer, for Dinner carrying up.*

Lady. Come, Gentlemen, let's in, the Cook ſummons us to Dinner with that knocking; comfort your ſelves after your loſſes, here is money in the houſe, you may make uſe of it, Gentlemen, if you pleaſe; but let's to dinner.

Juſt. Come, Madam, we wait on you, I ſhall have a hundred pound paid me by a Fellow that lives hard by; you ſhall have what you will, as far as that goes, Gentlemen.

[*Sir* John *pulls off his Periwig, and flings it away.*

Sir John. Thank you, good Sir, there ha, ha, ha, oh, good Juſtice, now I am even with you, ha, ha.

Juſt. Ha, ha, oh, oh, well go thy ways, I never ſaw ſuch a merry man in my life.

Lady. What a ſtrange Coxcomb is this Knight! Couſin, come.

Iſab. He is ſo, but methinks the other is a handſom Gentleman,

tleman, there is a noble roughneſs in his countenance, that ſpeaks an honeſt plainneſs, and a wiſe contempt of thoſe Fools he is in company with; his Mine and Air pleaſes me ſtrangely.

Lady. Allons, Gentlemen.

Col. We wait on you, Madam. [*Ex. omnes.*

ACT III.

Lady Haughty, Iſabella, Colonel, Juſtice, *Sir* John Codſhead, *and* Crambo, *and* Nan *at the lower end of the Table at Dinner.*

Sir John. COme, Madam *Iſabella*, are you for ſome Plaice? here is a great Plaice, Ladies love to take place, ha, ha, ha.

Juſt. Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Iſab. You are the pleaſanteſt company, Sir *John*, where do you learn theſe things, amongſt the Wits?

Sir John. No, Madam, Pox the Wits are dull Fellows, they call themſelves Wits, but they are dull, very dull; I keep company with the Clinchers, they are the rare company.

Col. Did ever man light into the company of ſuch Fools?

Lady. What are theſe Clinchers?

Sir John. What are they? why they are the graveſt of Divines and Lawyers, Judges will do't upon the Bench at an Arraignment, and ſometimes your States-men are good at it, they cannot forget when they were Sophiſters.

Juſt. Faith, Madam, theſe Clinchers are the wittieſt people in the World.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Spoilwit*, cut me a piece of that Rabit.

Juſt. Madam, it is a raw bit, and not a Rabit, for it is not half roaſted, ha, ha.

Sir John. Ha, ha.

Crambo. Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Codſh. 'Tis very good, the Devil take me.

Crambo. Again at the Devil!

Codſh. Peace, I hope my Lady took no notice on't.

Col. } I never knew any great Lady keep above one Fool,
to *Iſab.* } and my Lady has four or five, Madam.

Iſab. I think ſhe had beſt put 'em in Livery, Sir.

Juſt. Here is a very good Fowl, will you prove a Gooſe, Sir *John*? ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. Ha, ha, no, no, but there's a very good Woodcock, Juſtice, ha, ha, I love a Woodcock Juſtice, ha, ha.

Crambo. Very good on both ſides.

Col. That Poet, Madam, is a very dull Fellow.

Iſab. As dull a Poet as one ſhall ſee in a Summers day; this man has ſenſe, and looks like a Gentleman. [*Aſide.*

Sir John. What are you for a Gull Juſtice? ha, ha, ha.

Juſt. No, no, I had as live's eat of an Owl Sir *John*, I love not a Gull Sir *John*, ha, ha, ha, there I gave it him i'faith, Colonel.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, very good i'faith; well there is nothing like this Wit at Dinner.

Juſt. Wit is never ſo good as at Meals, it makes one digeſt the meat ſo rarely.

Lady. Wit is indeed a fine thing; but do grave Men, Divines, and Lawyers, and Men of great buſineſs uſe this kind of Wit?

Sir John. Oh ever while you live, they are the wittieſt people, they are ſo full of Jeſts, and will ſo laugh, eſpecially at Meals.

Juſt. I'faith Sir *John*'s in the right, your Wits, your flaſhy Wits are nothing to them, when they pleaſe to be merry.

Sir John. Oh there was a Judge that uſe to come our Circuit, the pureſt company: a Gentleman ask't a Lady, whether ſhe would have any Cuſtard, ſays the Judge Cus-turd, you may be aſhamed to name ſo uncivil a thing to ſo fine a Gentlewoman, ha, ha, ha.

Juſt. Paſſing good, ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. There was ſuch laughing, the Ladies did ſo tihie under their Napkins, and could not eat a bit after it i'faith; but

but when they look't moſt demurely, out went the Tibie again under the Napkin, ha, ha. I am a Villain, if the Tibie did not take a reverend old Gentlewoman when ſhe was a drinking, and ſhe did ſquirt the Beer out of her Noſe, as an Indian does Tobacco, ha, ha. [*They laugh.*

Codſh. This was very good, Gad take me, this would have made one laugh like a Devil.

Crambo. Why, are you mad? will you ruine your ſelf?

Codſh. Lord bleſs me, I did quite forget, I was ſo tranſported at the Jeſt.

Crambo. A Pox on't, I am ſo dull, I cannot make a Quibble, and yet all the bawdy Jeſts in my Plays are nothing elſe.

Codſh. Pray, Sir *John*, give me ſome of that Cuſtard for all your Jeſt, I were a Fool, if I ſhould refuſe that Cuſtard, ha, ha, ha, that's very good, is not that very good, Ladies, ha, ha, ha.

Sir John. Ay faith is it Couſin? ha, ha, ha.

Juſt. Excellent! we are rare company, talk of your Wits, and your Wits, and this and that, i'faith, they are dull Fools to us.

Col. Gentlemen, if you have leiſure for your immoderate and moſt incomprehenſible Wit, which if you do not leave it, it will kill you, pray drink my Lady's Health. Madam, your Ladiſhips Health; Juſtice to you. [*He drinks.*

Juſt. Tope, as the French ſay.

Sir John. Nay on my conſcience, as the Colonel ſays, Wit will be the death of me, 'twill kill me at laſt.

Codſh. Ay, and me too, the Devil---Oh it was juſt a coming.

Sir John. Come here's my Lady's Health, about with her, I would I could have a bout with her, Juſtice, ha, ha.

Juſt. Very good, very good.

Iſab. Are you not cloy'd with theſe fulſom, nauſeous Fools, Madam?

Lady. No, your groſs Fool is good company enough for variety, I do not mean your Fool of God's making, he is to be pitied; but your Fool of his own making, that pretends to be witty, one that takes great pains to make himſelf a Fool.

Iſab.

Isab. Not your natural, but artificial Fool.

Lady. Right, Cousin: Sir *John*, pray cut me a piece of that *Cheshire* Cheese.

Sir John. Cheshire Cheese! 'tis *Windsor* Cheese, Madam.

Lady. Im' sure it was sent me by a Friend out of *Cheshire*.

Isab. What makes you call it *Windsor* Cheese?

Sir John. Because it is near *Eaton*, ha, ha, ha.

Just. Ha, ha, this is the best that ever was, I shall die with laughing. [*They laugh.*

Codsh. Admirable, most incomparable.

Crambo. I am so dull, I cannot make one for the blood of me.

Nan. Sir *John* is the merriest Gentleman, I'le swear he would kill me to keep him company.

Sir John. Ha, ha, I'le tell you the best Jest in the World, Madam: a Doctor of Divinity, that shall be nameless, said that his Wife always gave him three Dishes, Bitter, Powt, and Tart; was it not very good, Madam?

Lady. Oh very good.

Just. Admirable, these Joques are excellent things, this harmless playing upon words, your scurvy Wits they are all upon things, and men full of Satyr, as they call it.

Butler. Madam, here's your Grange-man *Gervas*, and your Dairy-maid *Cicely* have committed Matrimony this day, and desire your Ladiship will give 'em joy, and will present you with a Dance.

Enter Gervas, Cicely, *three Country Clowns, and Country Wenches with Ribbands upon their Hats.*

Lady. With all my heart, where are they? how now, *Gervas*, are you married?

Gervas. Yes, Madam, *Cicely* and I are gone the way of all flesh.

Cicely. He has overcome me, Madam, he has such a way with him.

Lady. Joy to ye, I'le give you your first piece of Houshold stuff.

Isab. And I the next.

Gervas.

Gervas. Thank your Worſhips.

Lady. But where's our Dance?

Gervas. Strike up, Muſicians.

[*They riſe, and the Table and Cloth, &c. is taken away.*

They dance.

Lady. Very well; farewel, much joy to you. Gentlemen, let us retire, and about half an hour hence I'le meet ye all in the Garden. [*Ex.* Gervas, Cicely, *and Dancers.*

Col. to Iſabel. } Madam, will you give me leave to wait upon you for a moment?

Lady. I hope, Mr. *Crambo*, you are pleaſed to remember your promiſe of a little Poetry.

Crambo. I do, Madam; Pox on that Colonel, he's going with my *Cloris*: I am troubled with dulneſs, I have ſuch vapours in my head, I am not able to write, I fear.

[*Sir* John *puſhes one of the Servants with the Service full of Trenchers, Plates, and Diſhes upon his Noſe, they all go out laughing and hugging Sir* John, *except the Butler and Servants, who are removing the things. Then* Exeunt *all but the Butler. To him*

Enter Margery *the Chamber-Maid.*

Butler. Ah, *Margery*, have you the face to look on me, after what I ſaw juſt now before Dinner?

Marg. Why, what did you ſee, good Mr. Butler and Taylor? for thoſe are your two Titles of Honour.

Butl. Did not I ſee you in a corner laughing and playing with Sir *John Noddy*'s Man?

Marg. Would not you have one civil to a Stranger? you ill-bred Taylor.

Butl. Civil with a Pox d'e call it?

Marg. What you are jealous, are you? I defy your Yard and your Spaniſh Needle, and your middle finger, with your Corſlet Thimble.

Butl. Marry come up, Mrs. Candle-maker, you Keeper of my

my Lady's ſecrets! you would hold the door for a need, if my Lady were ſuch a one; 'tis well her Ladiſhip is not lewdly given, I know what you would be elſe.

Marg. Why what would I be, thou Gooſe?

Butl. A Bawd, a Bawd, a Bawd *Margery*.

Marg. A Thief, a Thief, a Thief *James*, I'm ſure one cannot be a Taylor without it.

Butl. You ſcurvy tittle tattle, Tell-tale of the houſe, that makes lies, and are believ'd, flatters my Lady, and ſays the Crow's white, if ſhe ſays ſo, all this for a little Money and Cloaths, and then you mince and trip and amble to Church, not for Religion, but to ſhow my Lady's old Wardrobe furbiſht up upon thy ſcurvy body.

Marg. Scurvy body! out you Prick-louſe, 'tis as good a body—— and that moſt young Men of the houſe will ſay, thou unconſcionable Item of ſearing Candle, Bumbaſt, and Canvas.

Butl. There's ſtiffening too, good Mrs. Waſp, with a ſting in your tail.

Marg. Not ſo much as you ſhould have put in, you cheating Rogue, you cozened me in that too.

Butl. Come you are rank, you are rank, every Dog-bolt in the houſe follows you, with a Pox to you, that will be the end of it, to thy ſhame, thou laſcivious Woman.

Marg. Oh you baſe Taylor and Butler made up of ſhreds and chippings, ne're a one of the houſe will ſay ſo much of me,

Butl. 'Tis their goodneſs more than your deſert.

Marg. I am ſure never a Fellow of mine, ſince I came, if they ſpeak truly, but will ſay I have been ready to do 'em courteſies early and late, I am ſure of that.

Butl. Her tears do mollifie me, I am tender-hearted.

Marg. crys.] And you to lay theſe things in my diſh, that have not deſerv'd 'em at your hands.

Butl. Well I'le ſay no more at preſent then.

Marg. But 'tis no matter, I am e'en ſerved well enough, to love ſuch a one; I thought ne're to have ſaid ſo much, but truth's truth and ſhame the Devil.

Butl.

Butl. Come, peace then *Margery*, I believe thou doſt love me.

Marg. Do I? Ay that I do, even but too well, God knows.

Butl. Nay good dear *Margery*, peace, thou wilt break my heart to ſee thee cry ſo.

Marg. Your unkindneſs will be the death of me ſome time or other; but yet, *James*, I would not have you cry, it is not manly for a Taylor to cry, therefore quiet your ſelf, 'tis no matter what becomes of me.

Butl. Oh *Margery*, thou haſt——

Marg. What have I done?

Butl. Why thou haſt drawn womaniſh tears from the Flood-gates of my manly Taylors eyes.
Prethee forgive me.

Marg. Well I do with all my heart.

Butl. I know thou art vertuous and religious.

Marg. Ay, *James*, I ſhould be ſorry elſe; for every Holy-day when I put on my beſt Cloaths, I read my Pſalter, many a leaf do I turn over with a wet thumb, I have a new Bible too, and when my Lady left her Practice of Piety, ſhe gave it me, and you ſhall have it; therefore pray think well of me, I am no Papiſht I thank God.

Butl. Sweet *Margery*, forgive me all my faults, and let's kiſs upon that.

Marg. With all my heart.

Butl.——*The beſt of Love with quarrels is poſſeſt,*
Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio eſt.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Colonel *and* Iſabella.

Col. Look ye, Madam, the caſe is this, I'le go upon the ſquare with my Lady, I have a thouſand pounds a year, but 'tis mortgaged very deep, for I was batter'd and ſequeſtred, as many brave Fellows were for ſerving the King; but no more to be ſaid.

Iſab. I have heard you were a great Sufferer; he looks like a brave Fellow, his roughneſs and honeſt bluntneſs pleaſes me ſtrangely.

Col. I ſay nothing of that; but I had as like to have had the honour of being hang'd for the King as any man, and 'tis true many undeſerving perſons were brought to the Scaffold, that did not merit the honour like my ſelf; and if I had not had palpable injuſtice, I'm ſure I had had the honour; but no more to be ſaid.

Iſab. A loyal Man.

Col. But Merit was not look'd upon, they prefer'd Fellows to be hang'd, that Gad were no more fit for't, than your Ladiſhips Chamber-maid.

Iſab. Do not repent, Sir, methinks 'tis well as 'tis.

Col. No, Madam, nothing ſhall trouble me, what cannot be cur'd muſt be endur'd, but I ſerv'd in all the War, I ſay nothing, but the buſineſs is, thus was my Eſtate engaged, and I hearing of this Widow, faith was content to mortgage my body to her to redeem my Land, and ſo, Madam, I beg you will pleaſe to let her know from me. You are her Kinſwoman, and I thought the fitteſt perſon to break the Ice to her, I ſee ſhe is peſter'd with Fools, I could not do't my ſelf.

Iſab. Do you love her by hearſay only?

Col. I thought it convenient for her and me too, and for Love Widows ſeldom trouble themſelves with that.

Iſab. Then you are not much in Love.

Col. Faith, Madam, I am a Souldier, and hate lying, I am not dangerouſly.

Iſab. I know not what's the reaſon, but methinks I am glad to hear that. [*Aſide.*

Col. Faith, Lady, I could love you a great deal better, if it were as convenient for me.

Iſab. Say you ſo?

Col. Yes faith; but I like my Lady, and I know what belongs to a Gentleman, and am honeſt, I'le make a kind Huſband to her, and Gad I'le deal like a Gentleman with her, and that ſhe ſhall find as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes, and that's the ſhort and the long on't.

Iſab. Theſe Souldiers are all a word and a blow; but methinks this honeſt bluntneſs is better than the fawning flattery of your perfumed feather'd hufty tufty Fools: yonder comes

comes my Lady, let us retire, and conſult what I ſhall ſay to her.

Col. Come, I ſee ſhe's perſecuted damnably with Coxcombs, let her but ſay one word, and I'le beat 'em every one out of the houſe.

[*Ex.* Col. *and* Iſab.

Iſab. Allons.

Enter Lady Haughty, Codſhead, *and* Crambo *meeting 'em.*

Cramb. Your Servant, Madam, I have been meditating for your Ladiſhips Service.

Codſh. Peace, *Crambo*, do not interrupt me, I am very buſie.

Cramb. Come let's hear no ſwearing.

Lady. Theſe Fools begin to be troubleſome, I can enjoy no privacy for 'em. [*Aſide.*

Codſh. As I was ſaying, Madam, you are a pretty Thief, and ſteal every bodies heart, no man can keep a heart in quiet for you.

Lady. Did not you ſteal that out of the Academy of Complements, Mr. *Codſhead?*

Codſh. No, as I hope to be ſaved.

Cramb. How now, Mr. *Codſhead!*

[Crambo *pulls him by the Elbow.*

Codſh. Why, would not you have me hope to be ſaved, when I have left off ſwearing? I never ſaw ſuch a man in my life, i'faith, you'l put me quite out. Madam, your Eyes hum--- your bright Eyes hum----- have ſo enſlaved me, that, hum, hum----- I can no longer call my heart my own.

Lady. Good lack a day, but are you ſerious?

Codſh. Ay the De---- hum --- could you but ſee your ſelf, you would not doubt it, hum ----

Cramb. That was very well.

[Crambo *claps him on the Back.*

Codſh. And then that ſtately and majeſtical Forehead adorned by, or rather adorning thoſe curles--- hum--- thoſe ſnares for hearts.

Lady. This Fool has been bred up to nothing but Queſtions and Commands and croſs purpoſes.

Codſh. That Arch upon your Brow is *Cupids* Bow, as I, hum---

Lady. Theſe commendations come not from your heart, you hum and pauſe, and ſeem to be in pain.

Codſh. I am a Son of a Whore, Madam, if they be not from my heart, and that's an excellent word, and no ſwearing.

[*The Widow ſmiles.*

Cramb. For ſhame, don't you ſee her laugh at you for it?

Codſh. Peace, I have a thouſand commendations more for you, as that your breath is a heavenly dew, ſweeter than Eaſtern Winds--- hum--- that o're the flowry Gardens blow--- hum, ha--- or than the choiceſt of Arabian Gums.

Cramb. Very fine! I'le ſet it down, I'le uſe it! Lord, to ſee ſome ordinary men light of things now and then, as good as one of us!

Codſh. Your teeth like--- hum--- Oriental Pearls, or Twin Lambs newly ſhorn.

Lady. How came thoſe Lambs and Pearls together? they never met before.

Cramb. Pardon me, Madam, 'tis a fine Trope, and I'le ſteal that too: Lord, to ſee how Wits are beholding ſometimes to Fools!

Codſh. Your Eyes, Madam, are two clear reſplendent Fountains, two---

Lady. Two, what not other things I hope too!

Codſh. Two Helicons, when you weep, and your ſnowy Breaſts are---

Lady. What I beſeech you, Sir?

Codſh. Two *Parnaſſus* Hills covered with Snow--- hum--- ha--- and then your---

Lady. Hold, hold, Sir, go no further, you'l be uncivil by and by: do you intend to read a Lecture over me, as they do upon a body at the Phyſick Schools? I'le have no more on't.

Enter

Enter Nan.

Nan. I desire a word with your Ladiship in private.

Lady. Your Servant, I must leave you.

Codsh. Your Servant, Madam. [*Ex.* Lady *and* Nan.

Cramb. This was well for a beginning; but why did you hum and ha so, and make such long pauses in your Discourse?

Codsh. Why, if you will have the truth on't, when I pausèd I was swearing and cursing to my self, or else I never could have gone through with it.

Cramb. What, mental swearing and cursing!

Codsh. Ounds I'le no more of it, the Devil take me, if it had not almost like to have kil'd me, blood, it was such a pain to me, as if I was gyved and fetter'd, I was so sick all the while, God take me, and in such pain, I had no joy in my life; God, now methinks I am so free, so lightsom, Ounds, methinks I could leap over the house, the Devil take me, if ever you shall shackle me again, Sir, nor she neither, if there be no getting of her but upon these hard terms, there's an end on't, I'le go home and swear and curse and lye, and do what I will in my own ground.

Cramb. Come, I'le put you in a way to do it without pain.

Codsh. Away, 'tis impossible, I'le never think on't.

Cramb. I'le make you confess your self in the wrong, I have written a Scene of Love for you, which you shall get by heart.

Codsh. Thank you for that, how shall I know her answers?

Cramb. Why, I have writ them too.

Codsh. Can you know before-hand what she'l answer?

Cramb. Ay, ay, she can make no other answers to what I write, I were no Poet else, there's the Art on't, Man.

Codsh. There's the Art on't indeed, I think I could make a shift to get a thing by heart, without putting in my Oaths, and wonted Phrases, but the Devil take me, that will be hard.

Cramb. I warrant you, try.

Codsh. But if she should make cross answers, I should be damnably disappointed, God take me.

Cramb.

Cramb. My life for your's, pray let's into the Chamber, I am much indispoſed, and on the ſudden taken very ill, methinks.

Codſh. Prethee don't be ſick before thou giveſt me the Scene, for ſhame come on.

Enter Clerk of the Kitchin, Cook, Muſicians, and the under-Cooks.

Cramb. I am very dull and ſtupid, I am as dull——

Codſh. As a Dog, I know you were always ſo, God take me, for you'l never keep good Company, nor drink a Glaſs, and a man muſt be as dull as a Devil that lives ſo.

Cramb. Well, you will have your own way, but I grow worſe, let's go. [*Ex.* Codſhead *and* Crambo.

Cook. Faith, Sir, you play the beſt upon the Fiddle, and are the fineſt Muſicioner that can be, and ſuch a melodious Pipe you have for ſinging.

Muſic. You are pleaſed to ſay ſo.

Cook. Come, good Sir, ſans Ceremony, let's go in and take off two or three *Derby* Cans.

Muſic. You have ply'd me ſo hard, I muſt take a little freſh air, and breathe a while, for I can ſwallow no more yet.

Cook. Faith you are not ſo good a Fellow, as I took you for.

Muſic. By and by, there's no time loſt; but now after you dreſs up your Dinner in Battel array, with all your military words of Command, go on, as you promiſed me, with the reſt.

Cook. With all my heart, 'tis very tragical, 'tis a moſt diſmal relation.

Clerk. It will bring tears out of your Eyes, though you reſolve againſt it.

Muſic. Come, Sir, go on, I love Tragedy, eſpecially Heroick, Oh, it does chime, and make the fineſt noiſe, 'tis no matter whether it be ſenſe or no; ſo it be Heroick.

[*He ſpeaks it and mouths it in a very tragical tone.*

Cook. Well then——

Cook.

Cook. *Oh, oh, oh, all's loſt, we are defeated quite:*
There are no further hopes of a Relief,
The Battel's gone, the day is loſt.
Muſic. How, good Mr. Cook?
Clerk. You ſhall hear.
Cook. *The powder'd Beef ſtone dead in Cabbage lay,*
Onſlaughts upon the Cuſtards and the Pyes
Broke in with fierce aſſaults upon the cruſt;
Then Gravy all upon the board did run,
The wings of Fowl cut off from all retreat,
A Leg of Pork lying here ſlaſht and cut,
The Loins of Veal ſhot through with Orange ſhot,
A Breaſt of Mutton broken were the bones.
Muſic. Paſſion on me, 'tis wondrous ſad.
Cook. *Gammons of Bacon ſhot all full of Cloves,*
Saw Rabbits lying there without their legs.
A cloven Calves head with the brains daſht out,
A ſad Pigs head cloſe from the body cut.
Muſic. Oh my heart!
Cook. *A Chine of Beef ſlaſht mangled to the bones,*
Shoulders of Venſon in their own blood wallowing,
Our Ordnance Marrow-bones diſmounted quite,
The wriggled Brawn ſo maſſacred with wounds,
Tripes hanging out moſt hideous to ſee,
With excrement of Muſtard dropping down.
There Oyſters now gaping for their laſt breath,
Lobſters and Crevices all bloody red.
1 *Cook.* I can hold no longer, my heart melts.
Cook. *None made retreats but Crabs, that I could ſee,*
The Forlorn hope of Porrige all was ſpilt,
And the Reſerve of Fruit and Cheeſe thrown down,
Some few were rallied, for the fight i'th' Hall;
But being charg'd, they could not ſtand at all.
So the dead bodies, ſcatter'd bones, and cruſts,
Were in the Alms Tub buried firſt, and then
Rak'd up by ravenous Crows and Kites call'd Beggers,
Wherewith their hungry maws and ſcrips they fil'd.
This is the ſad relation of that day,
The fatal day of our ſo great defeat. *Muſic.*

*Mu*sic. 'Tis the most tragical story e're was heard, the expressi*on* forced a tear from me, e're I was aware on't; I see movi*ng* passion is a great matter, though in Kitchin Poetry.

*Cl*erk. See what number is, for Musick moves with Number.

*M*usic. It does so; but if this had been in Rime! Oh Rime, if it *be* but spoke violently, and well mouth'd, it touches migh*tily*.

Enter Footpad *and* 1 *Rogue with Fiddles.*

*Fo*otpad. By your leave, will it please you to hear a fit of Mus*ick*? we are Fidlers, and we can smell out Feasts and goo* Company.

*M*usic. Ay, pray let's have 'em.

*Cl*erk. Ay, with all my heart.

*C*ook. Come, Gentlemen, follow me, I'le give you a lusty *Derr*y Can.

*F*ootpad. I'faith we'l follow, Sir; come Comerade in danger a*nd* in spoil, if we had mist this Habit of Fidler, all had been spoil'd.

1 *Rogue*. Oh Rogue agrees with Fidler extremely, Fidler is a *R*ogue according to Law.

*F*ootpad. Oh yes, one Fidler is one Rogue, two Fidlers two Rogues, three a noise of Rogues, and five a company of Rogues, fine Statute legal Rogues.

1 *Rogue*. Well, would I had a Monopoly of Roguery, that none might play the Rogue but by my Patent.

*F*ootpad. Why, thou would'st have money enough to overcome the Grand Signior, thou unconscionable Fellow.

1 *Rogue*. Faith I love to wish to the purpose, but let's in.

*F*ootpad. Come on, but remember still that thieving is a more profitable Roguery than fidling, and therefore be sure to keep thy hand in ure.

1 *Rogue*. Shall I ever live to have it said of me, that my right hand forgot to steal? no, no, never may I live to see that day.

*F*ootpad. Nobly spoke, and like a Roman--- Thief I mean; but here come the Ladies, let's in. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lady Haughty, Isabella, *and* Nan.

Lady. Ha, Cousin, I am afraid this victorious Colonel has overcome you.

Isab. Not so, Madam, but he appears the better for being amongst the Fools here.

Lady. That's true; but prethee dissemble not with me, for I find this blustring Souldier has storm'd your heart.

Isab. My heart, Madam! why should you imagine it?

Lady. 'Tis so; no more: I'le endeavour to mollifie this Dub a Dub, this tempestuous Colonel for you.

Isab. I beseech you, Madam, don't believe this of me. *Aside.*] And yet to say truth, I begin to believe it of my self, I would I had not seen him.

Lady. He seems to be a good honest rough Fellow, and may make a good Husband: here's *Nan*, is such an arrant Lover of Sir *John Noddy*, she's mawdlin for him.

Nan. Madam, I neither can nor will dissemble, he's is so fine a witty facetious person, no body needs be ashamed of him, and the handsomest Gentleman upon earth.

Lady. Come, I'le endeavour to oblige ye both: come on, Gentlemen, you are come to take the Air.

Enter Sir John, Justice, *and* Colonel.

Sir John. No, Madam, I am come to take something else.

Lady. What's that, Sir *John?*

Sir John. Your heart, Madam, ha, ha, ha, that was well.

Lady. You won't rob me, will you?

Just. Prethee stand by, you take her heart!

My buckſom Lady, I am come to you,
An ancient Juſtice, that in Love does ſue
To draw with you in that moſt happy yoke
Of Wedlock, and you'l find him heart of Oke.

I know your humour's pleasant, gay, and merry.
And so is mine you'l find with a hey down derry.

Lady. You're a very merry Justice, though not in your prim
You have been a Spark I warrant you in your time.
And, Sir, you're heartily welcome in Rime.
Then 's Poetry for your Poetry.

Just. Ha, ha, very good, i'faith, was a Spark! I am still so, and merry a Fellow as any of the Quorum, i'faith.

Sir John. If mirth will please you, if I make you not merry, I'le lose my Knighthood, that cost me five hundred pound: Why, I make every body die with laughing, that I keep company withal, ask my Lord my Neighbour; on my conscience and soul, I shall be the death of him for one.

Lady. Then 'twill be dangerous venturing upon you, I shall be in fear of my life for you.

Col. (*blustring*) Stand by, who is it that dares pretend to (*to her.*) this Lady, while I am present? hah.

Sir John. The Colonel's mad, he looks as if he would eat me.

Just. *Fair Lady, I'le withdraw, my Suit must cease,*
When War appears, no Justice of the Peace.

Lady. No, stay, what will you quit me so? what are you, Sir? what would you have?

Col. I am a Souldier, and to speak plain English, I am for you which way you will, any way in the world.

Lady. As how, good boisterous Sir? you mean to make love, as they make War, with Fire and Sword.

Col. Faith, Madam, I would lie with you, and not marry you, or marry you, and not lie with you, or lie with you and then marry you, or marry you and then lie with you, or neither marry you, nor lie with you: chuse which, and take your course.

Lady. Why, you are all Gun-powder, would you blow up a Nun or Widow at first?

Sab. Did not I tell you he was a pleasant man, Madam?

Lady. I see you love War, Cousin, and have a mind to follow the Camp.

Col.

Col. Why look you? in ſhort, you are a very merry Widow, and I am a merry Souldier, if you like me ſo, faith, make no more words on't, here's my hand, Lady, and there's an end on't.

Lady. But what if I do not like you, Noble Colonel?

Col. Why then ſo, I hope a man may keep a poor little thing of his own, as the world goes, when the worſt comes to the worſt, and that will offend no body.

Lady. Good Colonel, let me be a little free with you.

Col. Take your courſe.

Lady. Have not you been adviſed by ſome experienced frail Matron, that a Widow is to be won with huffing and bluſtring?

Col. I am my own Counſellor, God ye are moſt of you too cunning to be won by Stratagem, and you muſt be carried by ſtorm.

Lady. You are a mad Colonel, and I like you the better for it, I hate the common Road of Woing in the Dunſtable High-way of Matrimony. I love to be woed fantaſtically; but let's ſee what you can do for me now. Do you ſhew your parts, and theſe Gentlemen ſhall ſhew theirs, that I may chuſe diſcreetly.

Col. What a Pox, Madam, do you take me for your Dog, your Spaniel, to fetch and carry, and ſhew tricks for you?

Lady. Good Mr. *Mars*, be not ſo paſſionate.

Col. Ounds, Madam, do you think to rank me with Coxcombs?

Sir John. Who the Devil does he call Coxcomb? a Knight a Coxcomb! that's impoſſible.

Juſt. I'faith, if I thought he meant me, I'de bind him to the good Behavior: a Juſtice a Coxcomb! that were a good one, i'faith.

Col. Death, Madam, I am not to be uſed thus.

Lady. Then, good Sir, leave me to thoſe that will be uſed ſo; I will divert my ſelf here; pray take you a Walk with my Couſin in the mean time, and ſee if ſhe will uſe you better.

Col. With all my heart, Madam, give me leave to wait upon you, since she's no better company.

[*Ex.* Col. *and* Isabella.

Lady. Come, let me see what good qualities you have, give me leave to sit, and judge betwixt you, that I may chuse discretly, a Chair in the first place, he that I marry must sing well, that's certain.

Sir John. Oh Pox, if singing will do, I'le fit you to a hair, i'faith.

Just. If I ever fail you in that, Madam——

Lady. Come on, Justice, and begin.

Just. Hem, will you hear how a Spanish Lady wooed an English Man?

Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck't with Jewels had she on.

Lady. Good Justice some other, I like not that so well.

Sir John. Ha, ha, ha, I thought how he'd please her.

Just. Now I shall fit you.

When as King Henry govern'd the Land,
The second of that Name,
Besides his Queen he dearly lov'd
A fair and Princely Dame.
Most parlous was her Beauty found,
Her favour and her face;
A sweeter Creature in this World
Did never Prince embrace.
Her crisped Locks, like Threads of Gold,
Appear to each mans sight:
Her comely Eyes, like Orient Pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

Lady. Well done, Justice, there's enough at once, now, Sir John, try you.

Sir John. His is a foolish old fashion'd Song, Madam, but mine's of the new cast.

I dote,

I dote, I dote, but am a Sot to ſhow it,
I was a very Fool to let her know it;
For now ſhe doth ſo cunning grow,
She proves a friend worſe than a foe.
She'l neither hold me faſt, nor let me go;
She tells me I cannot forſake her.
When ſtraight I endeavour to leave her,
She to make me ſtay
Throws a kiſs in my way:
Oh then I could tarry for ever.

Lady. Very well on both ſides.

Sir John. But you ſhall hear what he ſays to her, 'tis fine, fine, very fine.

But good Madam Fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging.
Either love me, or leave me,
And do not deceive me,
But let me go home to my Lodging.

De' ſee, Madam, God, that was ſmart.

Juſt. That ſmart! fy, your old Songs are better by half, they are more paſſionate.

There was a rich Merchant man
That was both grave and wiſe,
He kil'd a man in Athens *Town,*
Great quarrels there did ariſe.
Oh a ſweet thing is Love!
It rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this World:
To Women that are kind.

Juſt. I think that was a good Trillo, Madam.

Lady. Very good.

Sir John. Madam, hear but one Song of mine, and if I do not put him down.

Oh

Oh my dear pretty Soul,
How thy black Eyes do rowl,
And rule without controul
My poor Heart.

How can my dear Jewel
Be to it so cruel,
When she can see well
His great smart?

Nan. Oh Madam, he's the fineſt Gentleman in the World, ſhall die with looking on him.

Sir John. 'Tis very paſſionate and fine, Madam.

Lady. 'Tis very well indeed; but the next thing I muſt take trial of, muſt be of your Dancing, for I muſt have a Huſband courtly and well bred.

Juſt. If I do not fit you for that, may I never examine Malefactor more; why, I was a Reveller at *Grayes-Inn* in my youth, Madam.

Sir John. Begin, I fear you not.

Juſt. Here's no Muſick, but I'le ſing to my Dancing.

[*He dances ridiculouſly.*

Lady. Very well, admirable well.

Sir John. Come, I'le dance the Minoutes, you do not know what that is, Juſtice, ha, ha, ha.

Juſt. Pox on your French kickſhaw Dances, I love your true *Derby-ſhire* Horn-pipe.

[*Sir* John *dances, and ſings to it.*

[Codſhead *and two or three more bring in* Crambo *ſick upon a Chair.*

Codſh. Come, bring him hither for freſh Air, this is a ſhrewd Fit, pray Heaven it does not carry him away.

Cramb. Oh, oh, Spleen, I am ſick, ſick.

Lady. What's the matter?

Codſh.

Codſh. Oh Madam, here's the Poet ſo ſick, the Dev—— Oh---- he was in his Chamber writing, he fell into Raptures, Ecſtaſies, Furies, heated, and ſwell'd, and big with Muſe, and cannot be delivered.

Juſt. Fetch a Midwife for him, ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Nan, fetch down ſome Cordial-water: can he not ſpeak? Mr. *Crambo!*

Cramb. Oh, oh, Fumes, Fumes.

Sir John. Death, he'l ſound, tweak him by the Noſe, box him on the Ears, let me come.

Codſh. Hold, Couſin, forbear.

Enter the Colonel *and* Iſabella *haſtily.*

Lady. Oh here's Mr. *Crambo* in a Fit of Poetry, as bad as a Fit of the Mother.

Nan. Here's the Cordial, Madam, burn ſome Partridge-feathers under his Noſe.

Col. Pox, is this all? nothing but a Poet ſick?

Lady. I ſee blockheaded Souldiers make nothing of a Poet.

Enter Footpad *and* 1 *Rogue.*

Footpad. Will it pleaſe you to have any Muſick?

Codſh. Ounds, you Rogue, is this a time for Muſick?

Footpad. Sir, I heard your Poet was ſick, and perhaps Muſick may do him good, I have an excellent Song, how the nine Muſes invited a Poet to Dinner.

Codſh. Death, you Raſcal, get you gone.

Lady. Hold, Mr. *Codſhead*, it may do him good, and pleaſe me, prethee Fellow ſing it.

Footpad. 'Tis to the Tune of Cook Laurel.

The Nine Lady Muſes would make me their Gueſt,
And invited me to Parnaſſus *to dine,*
And promiſed me there a Poetical Feaſt,
And vow'd that their Helicon *ſhould turn to Wine.*

The very first Dish was Heroical Verse
Bak'd in a Pasty with swelling puff Paste;
No Gravy there was for we to rehearse,
'Twas dull to the appetite, dry to the taste.

Love-Sonnets in Lovers tears then were dress,
Stew'd in Love-sighs, and set by to cool,
With excellent Cream and Eggs of the best,
And then this Loves Dish all said was a Fool.

Then Epigrams dress'd and cook'd with pains,
With Vinegar, Liman, the Sawce full of Art,
And added unto it old Martials *Brains,*
To this all the Muses said was their Tart.

Sad Epitaphs, Elegies, if not mistaken,
Came to the Board, and so were set down;
They look'd like a Westphalia *Gammon of Bacon,*
In his long Cloke or black Mourning-gown.

Then like a Shoulder of Venison in blood,
A Tragedy dish't with Mustard, because
It drew down a Deluge of Tears like a Floud,
With bitter Herbs added to heighten the Sauce.

A Comedy sweet and poignant then came
By Natures Cook dress so finely and fit
With all the sweet Herbs that any can name:
For spice, strew'd with Art, with Humour and Wit.

A Bisk or an Olio, then one in brings
With French Raillerie and French Lampoons,
With Riddles in Rimes, and Posies for Rings:
For the Meat they used Knives, for the thin Broth their Spoons.

Raw Fruit, great Dishes of School-boys Themes,
Then sharp and quick Jests, which all were preserv'd;
This flow'd like a flood of witty sweet streams,
And thus their Desert and Banket was serv'd.

The

The Thespian Spring all the Poets told me,
Ravish'd the Palate, it was so divine;
Since Water and Wit can never agree,
They all concluded it was Spanish Wine.

The Muses then tun'd their Fiddles each string,
And vow'd for a while with them I should stay
To hear a merry Song, which they would sing:
When ended, I kiss'd their hands, and came away.

Lady. 'Tis very well, there's money.

Just. Sir *John*, give him some money.

Sir John. Pox on you, was not my Pocket pick't?

Just. I shall have a hundred pound to be paid me, it lies at the Town within half a mile, I'le walk over for it presently.

Footpad. Do you hear that, Sir?

1 *Rogue.* Ay, and am glad to hear it, we'l be with him, i'faith.

Lady. Carry him up to Bed. [*They remove* Crambo.

Sir John. Peace, peace.

[*Sir* John *steals behind the* Colonel, *who stands with his hands behind him, and bites him by the Thumb.*

Just. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. kicks him. Ounds, you Rascal, I reward you for your Monkey-tricks!

Lady. How now, what's the matter?

Sir John. Nay I know not, Madam, I n're saw the like in my life; he's the strangest cholerick person in the whole World, I vow to God, to box and kick a man for a Jest.

Lady. Pray, Sir, be civil.

Col. Madam, I must be civil to my Honour.

Sir John. Honour with a Pox! I never saw such a cholerick uncivil man, since I was born, as I hope to be sav'd.

Just. Swear the Peace against him, I'le give you my Warrant.

Cod. Do you hear, Cousin? if you do not fight with him, you are a shame to your Family, the Devil take me.

Sir John. Not I, why he's mad, I do not know what mischief he would do, if one should fight with him.

Lady. Gentlemen, I must leave you; Justice, do you keep the Place here. [*Ex. Lady* Isab. *and* Nan.

Cod. Do you hear angry Colonel? God take me you shall give satisfaction for this.

Col. Why, he'l ne're fight.

Cod. 'Tis no matter, bring your Friend, and if he will not, I and another will, the Devil take me, in the Corn-field by the Gallows an hour hence.

Col. 'Tis a dreadful place; but I'le meet you, I'le seek a Friend.

Jul. Come away.

Sir John. Well, I wish I may never stir, if ever I saw such a peevish Fellow. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV.

Enter Codshead.

Codsh. I Have at length got my Scene by heart; but if the Colonel should kill me by and by, 'twould quite spoil my Scene.

To'are like the new-sprung Lilies of the field,
Whose native colour, hum----
Darkning the milkie way, hum----

Then says she,

Your Phrases make my modesty to blush.

Then I again,

Then you appear like the new-budded Rose,
With modest blushes of Vermilion, hum----
Vegetables--- hum--- hum--- odoriferous lustre.

Then says she,

My ignorance pleads my excuse.

Then.

Then I,

Lady 'tis love, your heart may feel that flame.

Then ſhe,

I never knew yet what it was to love.

Then I,

I'le teach you, Virgin.

Pox, ſhe's a Widow, I ſhall forget to alter that word; beſides I am plaguily afraid of putting Oaths and Curſes into the blank Verſe.

Enter Doctor.

Then ſays ſhe,

Oh, if this Love were conſtant.

Then I,

Conſtant as Rocks, that ſtand great Neptunes *floods, &c.*

Oh, Doctor, you are welcome, here's Poet *Crambo* is in a deſperate condition.

Doct. I am come to try my skill upon him.

Codſh. I will have him brought out to you.

Enter Lady *and* Iſabella.

Lady. Come, Doctor, are you come to work a Wonder, and make a dull Poet write?

Doct. I cannot do Miracles, but I'le do my beſt.

Codſh. Good Doctor do, and you ſhall be well rewarded, beſides the honour of the Cure. [*They bring in* Crambo. Without your skill he is loſt, 'tis a ſhrewd Fit.

Doct. Come, Sir ſpeak, he cannot: here, take this Pen, can you write? No, he is far gone, his Muſe is weak, he muſt have ſome Poetical Remedies. This it is to take impoſſibilities in hand, to think that Wit can go beyond the limits of Wit, they ſtrain it into fuſtian and nonſence: well this fuſtian will be the death of ſome Heroick Poet or other; if they take not care, the very ſpeaking on't is enough to bring the Actors into conſumptions.

Lady. 'Tis true, Doctor; beſides that conſtant noiſe of Rimiog, when every two Verſes ſound alike, like the Larum of a Clock, diſturbs me, it makes my head ake to hear it.

Codſh. What ſay you to him?

Doct. Why, I think fit to apply a Cataplaſm of *Homer.*

Codſh. By no means, Doctor, it would raiſe ſuch vapours in his head with *Æacus*, *Minos*, and *Radamanthus*, 'twould make him ten times worſe.

Doct. What do you think of *Anacreon* or *Pindar* for his Diſtemper?

Codſh. Oh, all Greek Poets, with the ſtrange Characters of Crows feet in his head, would make him worſe; beſides he has made uſe of 'em all, and ſtole from every one of 'em, which he underſtands already.

Doct. Why then ſome Pills of *Virgil.*

Lady. I have heard he did but imitate *Homer.*

Codſh. Such lofty Lines are not fit for his weak ſtomach.

Lady. Oh, ſtrong Lines would ſtick in his Throat, and choak him.

Codſh. What think you of a Cordial of *Horace?*

Doct. Oh, it will not work upon your Heroicks at all, he has too much ſenſe in him for them: what if I ſhould try *Ovid?*

Lady. That will make him metamorphoſe himſelf into Trees, and Beaſts, and Birds.

Doct. Perhaps ſo, and his falſe Aſtronomy may do him harm, and then *Lucan* with his Swords, Darts, and Piles is too ſtrong for him.

Codſh. Good Sir, try ſome Engliſh Poets, as *Shakeſpear.*

Doct. You had as good give him preſerv'd Apricocks, he has too much Wit for him, and then *Fletcher* and *Beaumont* have ſo much of the Spaniſh Perfume of Romances and Novels.

Lady. That's true; beſides they may put him into a whining Fit of Love, with Oh and Ah, with folded arms.

Iſab. You had as good apply Liquoriſh and Sugar-candy to him, with *Paſtor fido.*

By ſerpent Rivulets under ſhady Trees,
With Scrip of Cordovant and gaudy Hook.

Doct. The laſt Remedy, like Pigeons to the ſoles of the feet, muſt be to apply my dear Friend Mr. *Johnſon*'s Works, but they muſt be apply'd to his head.

Codſh.

Codſh. Oh, have a care, Doctor, he hates *Ben. Johnſon*, he has an Antipathy to him.

Cramb. Oh, I hate *Johnſon*, oh oh, dull dull; oh oh no Wit.

Doct. 'Tis you are dull; he ſpeaks now, but I have leſs hopes of him for this; dull! he was the Honour of his Nation, and the Poet of Poets, if any thing will do't, he will bring your Poet into his Wits again, and make him write Senſe and Reaſon, and purifie his Language, and make him leave his fooliſh phantaſtical heroick Fuſtian.

Codſh. Oh, have a care what you do, he hates him mortally.

Cramb. Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. Well, Sir, he muſt be forc'd to take *Johnſon*'s Works, his Diſeaſe is deſperate, and he muſt have this Cure: come, remove him in, I'le order him.

Cramb. Oh, oh, no *Johnſon*,

Doct. Come in with him, ſick men ſtill nauſeate their Remedies. [*Ex. Doctor and two carrying* Crambo *out.*

Lady. Couſin, prethee take the Key of my Cabinet, and take the Net-purſe with Gold in it, and put it in his Pocket, 'tis a better Cordial than all the Doctor has named.

Iſ h. I will, Madam; if money does not recover his ſenſes, nothing will.

Lady. This is a Judgment upon him for ſtealing ſo, they ſay he never writ any thing that was his own.

Codſh. He was indeed a little given to filching; but now for my Scene, how ſhall I bring it in?

Lady your look is more victorious than I have ever ſeen it.

Lady. No ſure, you're miſtaken.

Codſh. Now, now.

T' are like the new ſprung Lily of the field,
Whoſe native colour, when it does appear,
Darkens what's light, it's ſelf the tender flower,
So innocent it trembles to be toucht. The Devil---- Oh, oh, I was curſing.

Fearing a ſpot from the ſerener Air,
Darkning the milkie way of Stars ſo fair.

Now

Now answer right, if it be thy will. [*Aside.*

Lady. Methinks I do not look so very pale as a Lily, though I confess I am very pale.

Codsh. Pox on't, she should have said,

Your Phrases make my modesty to blush.

But I'le go on, come what will, the Devil take me.

Then you appear like the new budded Rose,
With modest blushes of Vermilion die,
In your fair sight no Vegetable dare
Sprout out, and be so impudent t'appear
In the high presence of Apollo's *Court*
Without your sweet and odoriferous lustre.

Lady. Odoriferous lustre! what's that?

Codsh. 'Sdeath, she should have said,

My ignorance pleads my excuse.

'Tis damn'd cross.

Lady 'tis Love, your heart may feel that flame.

Lady. This Fellow's mad sure; sure, Sir, you are troubled with Fumes like Poet *Crambo.*

Codsh. Why, there was another cross answer: she should have said,

I never yet knew what it was to love.

I will on.

I'le teach you, Virgin, Oh I forgot that, [*Aside.*
I'le teach you, Virgin Widow, what it is,
Love is to one, and does possess him all,
The rest of Females seem not Womankind- -God take me.

Ounds, I was swearing and spoiling the Verse.

Contented sorrow and delightful trouble,
His sadness eas'd with sighs, on which he lives,
And melancholy thoughts his harmony;
Her looks his day, and soft perfumed speech
Is Musick to his Soul, and this is Love.

Lady. Either this Fellow is running mad, and has nonsense by inspiration, or has got some foolish Fustian of *Crambo*'s by heart, and thinks to palm it upon me. You speak most eloquently.

Codsh.

Codſh. 'Sounds the Devil is in it: ſhe ſhould have ſaid,

Oh, if this Love were conſtant, Sir.

Oh misfortune!

Lady. What troubles you, Mr. *Codſhead*, will it not out?

Codſh. *Conſtant as Rocks, that ſtand great* Neptunes *floods,*
Or as the fixed Earth, which never moves,
Or like the Gods Decrees, which are unalterable.

Lady. Indeed, Mr. *Codſhead*, this was a fine pen'd Scene, and ſpoken with skill; but I cannot now ſtay to hear you act any longer---- adieu. [*Exit* Lady.

Codſh. I am undone beyond redemption, a Pox on this Poet *Crambo* and his Scene, what ſhall I do? But I muſt now about another buſineſs, I muſt make War inſtead of Love, and for the honour of our Family, but I muſt cheat Sir *John* unto it, he'l ne're fight, if he knows it; for my part I am ſo angry, I ſhall fight like a Devil.

Enter Sir John *and* Nan.

Sir John. But do you think you can bring about a Marriage with my Lady?

Nan. I warrant you, never doubt it, Sir, do you make good your promiſe, and I'le perform mine.

Sir John. Upon my Honour I will give you 500 Guinnies upon the nail.

Nan. I'le do't, but *Codſhead* obſerves us, leave me.

Sir John. Your humble Servant, ſweet Mrs. *Anne.*

Nan. aſide.] Your humble Servant, ſweet Sir *John*; but I intend, good Sir, to ſupply my Lady's place, if it be poſſible: he is the fineſt, pretty, wild, merry Gentleman my eyes e're ſaw. [*Exit* Nan.

Sir John. With all my heart, Couſin, we'l take a Walk together; which way ſhall we go?

Enter James *and* Margery.

Codſh. Towards the Gallows field.

Sir John. Come on, 'tis a fine Walk.

Codſh.

Codſh. I am ſure he ſhall fight now, or have his Throat cu[illegible]. [*Ex. Sir* John *and* Codſhead.

James. Ay, you will be ſhowing your ſelf, with a Pox to yo[illegible], where the Gentlemen are ſtill? thou ſalacious Chamber-ma[illegible]d.

Marg. Marry come up, go Snuff, take Pepper in the Noſe, an[illegible] I have no Box to put it in.

James. Oh you Lolpot, you Scanderbag, you Slolop.

Marg. You Raggamuffin, you Drawlatch, you Scurff, you N[illegible]t.

James. Go you Carriers Pack, you Make-bate, you Sp[illegible]ttle.

Marg. Are you grown ſo malepert, you Jail bird, you M[illegible]ngrel, you Widgeon?

James. Oh you Face of ill Luck, you Drable-tail, you D[illegible]ill.

Marg. Oh you lick-trencherly Scab, you Weaſel, you H[illegible]ng-panni[illegible]r.

James. Marry Gip with a peſtilence, you Jilflert, [illegible] a W[illegible]riggle-tail.

Marg. I never wriggled to diſpleaſe you, you ſcurvy S[illegible]inkard.

James. Go you Beggars Brat.

Marg. Indeed you are of an ancient Family, that which b[illegible]elongs to your no Houſe, is an old Coat powder'd with V[illegible]ermine; I had a Brother was a Kite for a Merchant far b[illegible]eyond the Sea, and ſo hadſt never thou Todpool.

James. You are of a Royal ſtock indeed, have I not ſeen your Mother with a Petticoat of more patches than one can n[illegible]umber, indented at the bottom, and ſo ſhort, I ſaw up to her c[illegible]ld cruel Garters, with her Stockins of three colours, three ſ[illegible]tories high, with Incle about her Hat, knitting at the Gate f[illegible]r an Alms?

Marg. My Mother was an honeſt Woman, I thank God, a[illegible]nd that's more than you can ſay of your's.

James. She was ſo ugly, no body would touch her.

Marg. That's falſe, you Nit, there's not a body ſo ill fa-v[illegible]our'd, but ſome good body now and then will have a cha-

rity

rity for them. You were Son to the Gold-finder of the house, and were advanc'd, forsooth, by the Nursery-woman, because they found you a bold Boy always putting forward: Oh thou Epicrot, thou wouldst dissemble with thy own Father.

James. I'm sure thou art an Epigram, a great Epigram, thou eatest more than all the house.

Marg. Oh thou art arrant a Taylor, that is, a whole Thief, and but the ninth part of a man.

James. Oh you proud Slattern, you have a fine place with your Vails and Nimming too; how many ends of Cambrick, Lawn, Holland-lace, Ribbands, Hoods, Scarfes, Gloves, Masks hast thou stolen?

Marg. Oh thou Camelion Rogue, thou never mad'st any thing in the house, but thou stolest something.

James. I am sure I am an honest man, and serve my Lady without ends, good Mrs. Tawdry.

Marg. You lie you Tyger, you have all the Candles ends.

James. That's a clinch, you Quean you.

Marg. It is not a lie, it is true; what do you give me the lie in Greek, which you learnt of our Chaplain?

James. By my Troth, *Margery*, thou hast made me desperate, I will do that which shall make your heart ake.

Marg. My heart ake! why what will you do?

James. What will I do? why I will marry you.

Marg. Do your worst, I am ready to marry you, when e're you dare, I think we shall ne're be quiet till we do.

James. Why, we quarrel and live like Man and Wife already, we had as good marry, our quarrelling then will be more Canonical.

Marg. 'Tis all one, you shall find me as desperate as you can marry when you durst.

James. There's no more to be said, it must be so, I'le marry her to have lawful authority over her body. [*Aside.*

If after that the sawcy Queen dares quarrel,
I'le use strict discipline, and hoop her Barrel.

Enter Justice *with a hundred pound Bag under his Arm, in the Field.*

Just. This hundred pound will do well, all my Rivals will be obliged to me.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Honest Justice, I am glad I have met you.

Just. Why, what's the matter, Colonel?

Col. I am to fight a Duel just by with Sir *John Noddy*, and *Codshead* is his Second, and I wanted one, but now you supply the place.

Just. Why, I am a Justice of Peace, Sir.

Col. But you have Honour, have you not, Sir?

Just. Faith yes, a kind of Country honour, a Pox of this French honour of Duels and Seconds fighting; but they have left it off, and we like Fools must continue it, but I'le not deny it, I was as good a Back-sword man in my time, as any at *Gray's-Inn*, I tell you that I have had three many a Venue.

Col. You are a Man of Honour, and I am obliged to you.

Just. Faith I will mow 'em, I will have a Leg, be no Arm of 'em at least; but what shall I do with my hundred pound?

Enter Footpad *in the shape of a poor old Cripple.*

Col. Let the Conqueror take it, 'twill be the spoil of the field by right of War.

Footpad. Bless you, sweet Masters, one penny to a poor Creature for charity sake, which will gain you Heaven, thousands of blessed Acres for the cheap Purchase of a poor earthly transitory Penny.

Just. Get you gone, one cannot talk together for this Rascal.

Footpad. Good Gentlemen if not for charity, to be rid of me, Pox on these lazy Rogues, will they never come? Sweet-faced Gentlemen, Right Worshipful, Right Honourable, and well-beloved Gentlemen, spare a penny for the poor, vanquish with your bounty my numerous and horrid enemies,

hungry,

hunger, thirſt, cold, and ſaving your preſence louſineſs, that makes me itch and ſcratch for your money: bleſs ye, ſweet Maſters, remember the poor.

Juſt. There, a Pox go with ye, one can never be quiet for thoſe Beggars.

Footpad. A thouſand bleſſings fall on you for your curſes, when they come thus attended, bleſs you, Maſters, bleſs you: a plague on thoſe Rogues, will they never come? what an opportunity ſhall we loſe?

Col. Yonder I think I ſee 'em coming.

Juſt. Let 'em come, I fear 'em not, i'faith, I'le flaſh 'em, have at a Leg or an Arm, I ſay.

Col. Ah brave Juſtice; but what will you do with your money?

Juſt. There's no body near, I think I had beſt make this poor Cripple hold it, he looks as if he were honeſt.

Col. If he were not honeſt, he's alone, and a Snail would out-run him.

Juſt. Come hither, poor Fellow.

Footpad. Bleſs you, ſweet Maſter.

Juſt. You muſt do me a courteſie.

Footpad. I can do nothing, but pray for your ſweet Worſhip.

Juſt. Take this hundred pound, and hold it till I go into the next Cloſe, and diſpatch a little buſineſs.

Footpad. Alas, Sir, I am a poor man, a wretched poor Cripple, that walks on wooden Legs, a Snail pace, with great agony and pain; alas, any body may take it from me.

Juſt. No, I'le truſt thee with it.

Footpad. 'Tis a ſign your Worſhip is weary of your money for the preſent, but I'le be faithful to your Worſhips Bag. *Aſide.* Now I ſhall do it without thoſe Rogues.

Juſt. Come take it, man.

Footpad. Oh I ſhall never hold it, wanting my Limbs, both Legs and Arms, Sir.

Juſt. Come try. [*Gives him the Bag.*

Footpad. Oh, I ſhall never hold it. [*Falls down with the Bag.*

Oh, oh, that ever I was born! Oh the pain I ſuffer! Oh the heavy burthen of Riches!

Col. I never ſaw ſuch a weak Fellow in my life, help him up, come give him his Crutches, tye it upon his back like a Knapſack. [*They tye it upon him.*

Footpad. Oh, good your Worſhip, make haſte, for I am not able to ſuſtain this heavy burthen long.

Enter Sir John Noddy *and* Codſhead.

Col. They are come.

Footpad. Pray hear me, Gentlemen, though I am a poor man, I will do nothing behind your backs: Oh, oh, I am faint, oh, I am weak, oh, oh, I am ready to depart.

[*He runs away, and leaves his Crutches, the* Col. *and* Juſtice *run after the Rogue.*

Juſt. Stop Thief, Rogue, Dog.

Col. This is a rare Cripple.

Codſh. Holloa, what do you run from us? you mighty Colonel, oh Cowards, hey Cowards.

Sir John. Ay, ay, they run, they yield, come let's be going, we have the Victory without fighting, prethee let's go, what ſhould we ſtay for?

Codſh. Hold, I think I ſee them coming back again.

Sir John. The Devil you do! a plague on 'em, they do come, let's be going, they ran from us, and that's enough for our honour.

Codſh. You are my Couſin German, and you ſhall not put up a box on the Ear and a Kick; if you do, Sir, I will cut your throat my ſelf, for the honour of my Family.

Sir John. Pox on the honour of my Family for me, would I were of another Family.

Codſh. Come bear up, and fight well, 'tis nothing; but God take me, if you offer to flinch, or fight ſcurvily, I will be in the body of you my ſelf.

Sir John. Oh, Sir, let me tell you under the Roſe, you have done very ill to train a man out, under pretence to walk, and then bring him to fight, that has no diſpoſition to't,

let

let me tell you that I love to live in peace and quietness with all men, well *Beati pacifici* I say. Couſin, you are a bloody-minded man.

Codſh. Come bear up, thou ſhalt get Honour.

Enter Juſtice *and* Colonel.

Sir John. A Pox of Honour, if it cannot be had without venturing ones life for't, I ventured nothing but my money for my Knighthood.

Juſt. I'le ſend a Hue and Cry after him, there's no overtaking him.

Col. Come, Gentlemen, did you think we ran from ye?

Juſt. Run, quoth he! I'le have a Leg or an Arm, I aſſure you, before I part with you; run! with a waſhing blow I will cut off his left Ear.

Sir John. Oh Lord bleſs me, Couſin, a Raven flew over my head and croaked, beſides the Salt was ſpilt towards me at dinner to day, what ſhall I do? Let's put it off till a more lucky day.

Codſh. No putting off I tell you.

Col. Come, Gentlemen, make ready, you ſhall find we are no Cowards.

Juſt. Come diſpatch, I long to be at it; come, Mr. *Codſhead*, I muſt wait upon you.

Sir John. What a Pox if I muſt die, I had as good die fighting, a Devil take 'em for provoking me to this, I'le be the death of one of 'em, if I can.

Enter Footpad *and Rogues at a diſtance.*

Footpad. Let's wait here for the ſpoil of the field, now is the time, run in and plunder.

[*They fight, and cloſe, and tumble down, and ſtruggle upon the ground, the Rogues come in, and take away their Swords.*

1 *Rogue.* Lye ſtill all of ye, or we will ſtick you to the ground.

Col.

Col. How now, Rogues, what's the matter?

1 *Rogue.* Such another word, and I will cut your throat.

Sir John. Ha, I see fighting's nothing, but 'tis a scurvy thing to be rob'd after it.

Footpad. Come faggot them quickly.

Just. Oh Rogues, ha this was the Beggar.

Footpad. Your upper Garments we have, but now off with your Breeches, we must ease you of the vanity of fine Cloaths.

3 *Rogue.* These must into our Wardrobe.

Codsh. Oh you Rogues, if I were loose——

Footpad. Who are the greatest Rogues ye or we? You were committing Murder contrary to Law, and we steal contrary to Law.

4 *Rogue.* Shall we strip off their Shirts too? they are of very good Holland.

Footpad. No hang't, we'l leave them decently: farewel, Gentlemen, the next that comes will unloose you.

1 *Rogue.* Your Servant, Gentlemen.

2 *Rogue.* Your Servant, your Servant, ha, ha. [*Ex. Rogues.*

Sir John. This is fine Honour, i'faith, but I see fighting's nothing, any Blockhead may do it.

Enter an Old Woman.

Just. Oh good Woman help us, help us.

Woman. What, are you not well?

Codsh. Not very well, that's the truth on't.

Woman. For ought I know, you may have the Plague.

Col. No, no, nothing, but some sprinklings of the Pox, as Gentlemen should have.

Woman. Mercy on me, what a pickle you are in, almost as naked as you were born; who bound you thus?

Sir John. Thieves, Thieves, prethee no questions, but unbind us.

Woman. Marry, here's Cord enough to hang them all, if you could catch them--- poor hearts, why you have hardly enough left to hide, hum--- your hum, what de' call 'ems?

Just.

Just. A small matter will do that now.

Woman. The more's the pity, I would have 'em hid better, now first undone help his Fellows, pray give me the Lines to hang my Linen on; they shall hang something, till they can light on the right owners.

Col. Come on, Gentlemen, we have fought, and since we have satisfied our Honours, let's be friends.

Codsh. Come with all our hearts.

Sir John. Faith, Cousin, if I had my Sword, I have a great mind to have t'other bout at it.

Woman. Come, Sweet-hearts, come to my house, and I'le get you such things as I have to warm ye.

Just. Thou art a good Woman; come, Gentlemen, we'l cover our nakedness a little, and then to the Widows where we have Cloaths. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Doctor *and* Crambo, *and a Servant or two waiting.*

Doct. Come on, *Johnson* has wrought very well, I shall recover you again.

Cramb. Do you think so, Doctor? this Spleen is a cruel thing.

Doct. You have a spice of the Fox too, you will never be perfectly well till you flux; but I'le patch you up to write well enough for the present.

Cramb. Ha, here's Gold in my Pocket, how came this here? this is the Cordial, this will make me write better, by your favour, than Quick-silver: what good Angel has done this?

Enter Lady Haughty *and* Isabella.

Lady. How now, Doctor, how does your Patient?

Doct. Your Ladiship is come to see the last operation, give me the Bottle of *Burgundy* Wine; drink lustily; give me some more Wine to anoint his Temples; so, so, now for my Charms.

[*He anoints his Head with Wine.*

Doctor.

Doctor. *Ye Gods that Poet now restore,*
Or else he never will write more;
Him with Poetick flames inspire,
And give him a Celestial fire;
Give him fresh Fancies, new, unknown,
Ne're let him write but what's his own.

A Poet is not made, but born,
All helps of reading he should scorn,
Ne're vexes Authors, but will look
On the whole World, that is his Book.
Let him not here languishing lye,
Restore him now, or let him dye.

[The Poet starts up on a sudden.

Crambo. *How's this! I find my self renew'd,*
And all obstructions that were crude,
Quite banisht from my head and heart,
My health I find in every part,
My blood flows high, and swells each vein,
I'm brought to common sense again;
All fumes are dissipated clear,
My Fancies flame does now appear.

To Isab. *In it's full lustre. This power lyes*
I'th' radiant beams of your bright Eyes.

Enter Nan.

Nan. Oh, Madam, we are undone, undone.

Lady. What's the matter?

Nan. Oh your Ladiship's Closet-lock has been pick't, and your little Casket with Jewels is stollen.

Lady. My Jewels stollen! Oh misfortune, whom should we suspect?

Nan. It seems the two Fidlers that sung and play'd, when Mr. Crambo was sick, stole out of the house of a sudden, and took no leave, besides they were lurking hereabouts.

Lady. Send one immediately for Gervas my Grange-man, he is Constable, let him make speedy search for 'em.

Nan.

Nan. I will, Madam.

Enter Margery.

Marg. Oh, Madam, your gilt Caudle-cup is ſtollen, what ſhall I do?

Enter Butler.

Butl. Madam, I beg upon my knees, you'l pardon me.

Lady. For what?

Butl. There's forty pounds worth of Plate ſtollen out of the Buttery.

Iſab. Unconſcionable Rogues to ſteal ſo much!

Lady. Let's to my Cloſet, perhaps they have ſtollen more. Couſin, ſend out my Servants every way in ſearch for 'em.

[*Ex. all but* Doctor *and* Crambo.

Enter Juſtice, Colonel, *Sir* John *and* Codſhead *in* *Ruggs, Mantles, &c.*

Doct. Whom have we here?

Cramb. What's this, an Interlude? Mr. *Codſhead*, what's the matter?

Codſh. Oh, are you recover'd?

Cramb. Rob'd?

Sir John. Ay, rob'd, ſtript juſt as you ſee.

Cramb. Ha, ha, ha.

Doct. I took you for Highlanders, ha, ha.

Sir John. De you hear? If you laugh I will fight with you both, Gentlemen, let me tell you that.

Doct. Be not angry, Sir, the Houſe is rob'd of Plate and Jewels, and Lord knows what: my Lady has ſent to ſearch.

Juſt. I have ſent a Hue and Cry by *Gervas* the Conſtable; but I am plaguily cold, let's in to dreſs us a little, and drink a Bottle to comfort us.

Col. I am damnably cold, come let's in.

Cramb. Come on. Rob'd, quoth he! ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Footpad *ſolus.*

Footpad. So, I have ſent my fellow Rogues away to diſpoſe of the Cloaths and ſome tranſitory Moveables, and have appointed 'em to meet elſewhere, for this place will be too

hot for us. Here has been a brave harvest, but I have sick and cheated my Comerades of all the Jewels and Plate, *Omnia mea mecum porto.* These Riches make me ambitious; if I live six months longer, I shall do my business, for ought I know be able to buy a place, for any Rogue may have a place that will give money enough; let me see, a place in the Custom house to take Bribes, and cheat the King there, or an Office in some Court in *Westminster*-Hall, where the formality and noise may hide my Roguery.

[*A noise within of follow, follow.*

But hark, what noise is that? by Heaven it is a Hue and Cry, my ambition is nipt in the bud. What shall I do for my life?

Enter a Fisherman.

Footpad. Honest Fellow, what art thou?

Fish. A poor Fisher, I came to see if the fish will bite in this part of the Brook.

Footpad. Death, what shall I do? Good honest Fisherman change Coats and Hats with me, and give me thy tackling, and here's three pieces for thee quickly.

[*A great noise of follow, follow.*

Fish. With all my heart, and thank you too.

[*The noise continues.*

Footpad. Quick and be gone, say nothing, there's the money.

Fish. Thank you, Sir. [*Exit Fisher.*

Footpad. I will sit unconcern'd, and throw in my Line, I will sing too, fa, la la la, fa la.

Enter the Constable with Bill-men with Hue and Cry, crying, Follow, follow, follow.

Const. How now, Fisherman, did you see no body here?

Footpad. Alas, Sir, how can a body see no body?

Const. No Thieves I mean, thou Sot.

Footpad. Bless me from Thieves, Sir, I saw no Thieves.

Const. What dost thou fish for?

Footpad. I am hired for six pence a day, Sir, and meat and drink.

Const.

Conſt. But for what fiſh I mean?

Footpad. Why, for Gudgeons, Sir.

1 *Billman.* Fy, Mr. Conſtable, a man of your beard and Authority neglect your Hue and Cry thus!

Conſt. Cry you mercy, good Sir, Information makes me wiſer than my Billmen: fare thee well ſimple Fellow.

[*Ex. all but* Footpad.

Footpad. Are you gone? [*Noiſe of follow, follow.*

Counter you Puppies, you hunt Counter: well how did I dwindle before lawful Authority? like *Holland* Veal before the fire: Oh, guilt's a ſtrange thing, and conſcience, but nothing troubles my conſcience but hanging, that raiſes many ſcruples.

Enter Conſtable and Billmen.

Oh Heaven! they return, methinks, I ſmell Hemp already.

1 *Billman.* Why, will you go back again?

Conſt. You ſhall inſtruct me in my Office, ſhall you! I know what I do, I ne're ſaw that Fellow before, apprehend that Fellow.

2 *Billman.* Oh fy, what do you do? he's a poor ſilly Fellow.

Conſt. Peace, I ſay; firſt and formoſt, Sir, I ask you, are not you a Rogue?

Footpad. I a Rogue, Sir! alas I am a poor man.

Conſt. Poor man! God forbid, but a poor man may be a Rogue ſometimes as well as a rich man, Heaven makes no difference of perſons. Were not you a Pedler once, a ſinging Pedler? hah, I have ſeen that face: beſides, Neighbours, I have skill in Phyſiognomy, I ſerved one Mr. *Matthew Mattical*, that lived at a Town call'd *Euclid*, and taught a petty School of A, B, C, there. Well anſwer me, were not you a ſinging Pedler?

Footpad. A plague on the Raſcal. [*Aſide.*

I, Sir! I have no voice, not ſo much as for Ballets.

Conſt. I warrant you you'l have ſinging enough to make a ſhift to be hang'd with.

Footpad. Sir, I cannot read.

Conſt. Nor write? I ſhall come home to him.

Footpad. I can write but one letter for my Name, which is *T.* for *Thomas.*

Conſt. I ſhall come up to you by and by; Neighbours, this is an equiblicating Raſcal, for *T.* ſtands for Rogue, as well as *Thomas*, or elſe my Learning fails me.

1 *Billman.* By'r Lady, Mr. Conſtable, that may be very well.

Conſt. Then, Sir, you were a Gypſie afterwards, I have heard of your tricks.

Footpad. A Gypſie! [*aſide*] methinks I feel the Nooſe already. What is a Gypſie?

Conſt. What is a Gypſie? why a Gypſie is, a--- a--- a--- Gypſie. Do you think to ſtumble Authority? you'l examine me, will you?

1 *Billman.* A Gypſie ſteals Poultry and Linen, and is born in a far Country, where it rains Bacon and Walnuts upon their faces, which makes 'em ſo tawny.

Conſt. Filly, fally, will you teach me Geogrecum, Mr. *Vicar* ſhow'd me the place in the Map, a place with a little green about it, and hard by it the Sea, where, Heaven bleſs us, a fiſh ſpouts out water out of its head; but you hinder the proceedings of Juſtice.

2 *Billman.* It was *Nilus* and *Crockadils*, bleſs us all.

Conſt. I know not thoſe fooliſh words, but do not interrupt Authority; but then, Sir, you were a Beggar, I can hear of your Rogueries.

Footpad. Death, I ſhall ſhrink to skin and bones before this Fellow. [*Aſide*

Conſt. Were not you a Beggar? anſwer to that.

Footpad. I was never a rich man, not I.

Conſt. Ay, how cunningly the Rogue anſwers! I ſhall be with you by and by. Then, Sir, you came like a Souldier.

Footpad. A Souldier's a very honourable Profeſſion, they ſay.

Conſt. But I would be loth to be alone with your Honour in a narrow Lane for all that; and now, Sir, laſt of all, Sir, you are a Fiſherman, Sir, and think that will carry it off.

Foot-

Footpad. Why, Sir? there have been very good men Fishermen.

Conſt. I marry, Sir, better than you, or I would pull off all the heads of my Wife's Apoſtle-Spoons, I tell you that.

2 *Billman.* Pray, Mr. Conſtable, let him go, he's a poor ſilly Fellow.

Conſt. Have patience, Neighbours, I will apprehend ſome body, that's certain, they'l ſay I am idle elſe in my Office, therefore I will apprehend him.

Footpad. Death, I ſhall be hang'd, the Aſſizes too are here now, I ſhall be hang'd preſently. [*Aſide.*

1 *Billman.* Good Mr. Conſtable let him go, the next Juſtice will but laugh at you.

Conſt. Will he? then I'le laugh at the Juſtice, and ſo we'l be merry in our Offices, and there's an end on't, ſearch him, I ſay ſearch him. [*The Rogue ſtrives a little.*

1 *Billman.* Hah, here's a little Box, hah, 'tis full of Jewels I think.

Conſt. Oh is it ſo! you are wiſe.

2 *Billman.* Here's Plate too in his Trouſes, come out with it, out with it. [*They pull out ſeveral pieces of Plate with a Bag of Money.*

Footpad. Well, I'm not a man of this world: Oh murderous Villain that invented Gallows's!

Conſt. Now, Neighbours, who is wiſe, you or I? I thought I ſhould hamper him: now you ſee, theſe things are taken about him, *Ipſum factum*, we'l carry him to the Aſſizes which now ſit, this is the laſt day, he ſhall be laſt condemned, and hang'd forthwith: who is wiſe now, Neighbours?

1 *Billman.* Nay, Mr. Conſtable, you are even the luckieſt at being wiſe that ever I knew.

Footpad. Oh damn'd misfortune! Oh Rogues! I hope you will be hang'd ſhortly, ſome of ye at leaſt.

Conſt. Are you angry, Sir? the Hangman will anger you worſe: look to the ſtollen Goods, and carry 'em to my Lady ſome of you, go and ſearch for his Comrogues, while I with the reſt of ye convey him.

Foot-

Bolpad. Oh my curst Stars! must this be the end of me? Well I have had a merry life, though a short one. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V.

Enter Lady, Isabella *and* Nan.

Isab. MAdam, since your Jewels and Plate is all restored, 'tis pity the poor Rogue should be hang'd.

Lady. I hope he will not, for the Court is not far off here in the Country this Vacation, and I have sent to my Lord my Brother, to get a Reprieve for him of the King.

Nan. If it come not soon he will be hang'd, this is Execution day.

Lady. I gave my Man a strict charge to make haste, he rides Post: how now, what would you have?

Enter James *and* Margery.

James. *Margery* and I have a Petition to your Ladiship.

Lady. What's that?

Marg. I beseech your Ladiship you would please to let me have our *James* in lawful Wedlock.

Lady. Is that it? are you contented, *James?*

James. Yes, Madam, I would fain be at I *James* take thee *Margery.*

Lady. Why, Marriage is honourable.

James. Yes, Madam, right honourable, and please you.

Lady. I have heard strange things of you, did you never abuse my House?

Marg. I'm sure your Ladiships House has often abused us, for they speak their pleasures of us.

Lady. To you *James* I speak, have you behaved your self well and honestly with *Margery?*

James.

James. I must refer my ſelf to her for that, ſhe knows my Behaviour.

Marg. Truly, Madam, he has done what he could, and no man can do more than he can, I muſt juſtifie him ſo far, or elſe I were no good Chriſtian.

Lady. Hold your peace: *James*, I ask you, Did you never naughtily together?

James. I ſwear we did always well together, as I thought, ſpeak *Margery.*

Marg. Truly, *James*, I find no fault, neither could my Lady, if ſhe knew all.

Lady. You are ſo full of your prattle; did you uſe no uncleanneſs in my houſe?

James. I rub'd every place as clean as I could, Madam.

Lady. You Blockhead, I mean was there no fornication betwixt you?

James. I'le ſwear by all the Books in *England*, I know not what fornication is, 'tis too fine a word for us poor folks to underſtand.

Marg. Fornication is fit for your Ladiſhip, God bleſs us, what ſhould we meddle with ſuch things? I have heard the Chaplain ſpeak of it, indeed he could inſtruct one, if he would.

Lady. Come Huſwife, I hear you are with child by him.

Marg. With child, Madam! I'm ſure no body can ſay black's mine eye, and they ſpeak true.

Lady. No, your eye's gray; but they ſay you are with child by him, Huſwife.

Marg. Well, Heaven forgive my enemies; if I be with child it will come out, that's certain, in ſpight of all my adverſaries.

Lady. Well, 'tis time enough to marry theſe two or three months.

James. Oh 'tis not, if your Ladiſhip knew all.

Marg. Pray let it be now, Madam, we have been made faſt, Madam, ask *James* elſe.

James. Ay, faſt and looſe again often, we were betrothed for the honour of your Ladiſhip's houſe.

Marg.

Marg. Good Madam, think of a poor frail Woman by your ſelf.

Lady. Go, go together, the ſooner the better.

James. Thank your Ladiſhip.

Enter Cook *and* Mall.

Iſab. What's here another Couple?

Lady. How now, *John Cook*, what would you have?

Cook. Why, Madam, I have ſerv'd your Ladiſhip theſe ſeven years honeſtly, without thinking of Matrimony, or of any kind of concupiſcence, to the diſhonour of your Houſe.

Lady. And what then?

Cook. I have a violent inclination, if your Ladiſhip pleaſe, to fall aboard on this young Maiden by the way of Wedlock.

Lady. And are you agreed to't, *Mall?*

Mall. Yes, Madam, I think ſo, if your Ladiſhip will not be angerd, he does keep much a coil with one, one can ne're be quiet for him, unleſs one marries him, I think.

Cook. The Chaplain will be here within this hour.

Lady. Stay two or three months, and conſider.

Cook. Not I by the faith of my body, I have held out already as long as I can, the fire makes us cholerick and very amorous, and my paſſion is ſo violent, I cannot ſtay; if you love the honour of your Houſe, let us marry, for we are now roſting in love, and we ſhall burn elſe.

Lady. Well take your courſe, hanging and marrying day comes together I ſee now.

Cook. Thank your Ladiſhip.

Iſab. 'Tis Execution day here, Madam, now.

Lady. If 'twere your Execution-day, you'd not deſire a Reprieve; but where are my Gueſts?

Nan. They were rob'd and ſtript, and are drinking and comforting themſelves with the Bottle, and have drunk pretty deep already. Now, Madam, will be my time for Sir *John Noddy*, he has promiſed me 500 pounds to marry him to your Ladiſhip, I intend to ſave him that money, and marry him to my ſelf for nothing.

Lady.

Lady. This Footpad's a brave Rogue, I would not have him hang'd. But how canst thou bring the Marriage about?

Nan. Let me alone for that, if your Ladiſhip be pleaſed to lend me your Diamond Ring and Bracelets, and one of your Gowns, I do not doubt it.

Lady. With all my heart: come, Couſin, be not diſconſolate, here's my hand, thou ſhalt have the Colonel.

Iſab. I think not of him, Madam.

Lady. Allons, let's go. [*Ex.* Lady, Iſabella, *and* Nan.

A drunken SCENE of Sir John, Juſtice, Colonel, Codſhead, Crambo, Doctor, *and Servants waiting.*

Juſt. Come, we have drunk long enough in the Buttery, let's to't here now.

Col. Get ſome Champinions, Caviary, and Potargo.

Juſt. In the Name of Heaven do you conjure? why, they are three Devils Names, are they not?

Sir John. And do you hear, bring ſome *Weſtphalia* Bacon.

Juſt. There was one Mr. *Francis Bacon*, a very pretty hopeful man of our houſe, that did write Eſſays; he would have made a pretty man, if he had liv'd till now.

Col. Oh eternal Blockhead, did you never write Eſſays?

Juſt. I did eſſay to write Eſſays, but cannot ſay I writ Eſſays. Oh this Wit is ſuch a thing, 'twill never leave one.

All. Very good, very good.

Cramb. How prettily it clinches upon the word!

Col. Come, let us ſit.

[*As the* Col. *is ſitting down, Sir* John *pulls the Chair from under him, and gives him a Fall.*

All laugh.] Ha, ha, very good.

Juſt. Ah, Sir *John*, you are the merrieſt man, ha, ha, ha.

Col. Ounds, I'le reward you. [*They draw.*

Cramb. God forgive me, their Swords out, what ſhall I do? [Crambo *runs up and down.*

Sir John. Ay, come I am as ready to fight as your Worſhip, and you be for fighting, 'faith I'le fit you.

Coaſh. Prethee, Couſin, be quiet.

Sir John. I'faith, I cannot help it, I do ſo love to be merry, and the Colonel is ſo peeviſh.

Juſt. Come 'faith, Colonel, there was no harm meant.

Col. Well, ſir, I'le endure it for once.

Juſt. ſings.] Come, give me ſome Wine.

Oh this Wine
Is moſt divine,
Give me the Cup,
I'le drink't all up,
Here's every ſup.

Col. Juſtice, tye up your Poetick fury.

Juſt. I have done.

Col. Prethee Poet, let's have ſome conceit of yours.

Coaſh. Ay, prethee Mr. *Crambo* break a Jeſt.

Cramb. I cannot break a Jeſt, I am beſt at Tranſlation, I'le tell you one.

Mittitur in diſco mihi piſcis ab Archiepiſco
Po non ponatur, quia potus non mihi datur.

Juſt. Very pretty, *po non ponatur*, alluding to *potus*, becauſe he gave him no drink, being part of *Archiepiſcopo*, excellent.

Col. Quiet your Expoſition.

Cramb. I render'd it thus,

Here in a Diſh
It ſent me ſome fiſh
By the Archbiſh,
Hop was not there,
Becauſe he ſent me no Beer.

Col. A Pox on this Poet, he has ſtollen this, 'tis old, but they make nothing of that.

Doct. The moſt happy Tranſlation in the world, never any thing ſo fine.

Coaſh. Oh, that I could have made ſuch a one, 'tis a very happy one.

Col.

Col. By your leave, I ſee no ſuch great happineſs, all the happineſs is in Hop.

Juſt. Why, Colonel, Hop makes Beer, there's the conceit, and the Hop joyning to Biſh, puts down the Original *po* for *potus* moſt egregioully, i'faith.

Col. Again your Explanation.

Doct. I profeſs it is as good as *Dæmon languebat*, or the Devil was ſick: or, *Cum ſocio mingas, aut ſaltem mingere fingas.*

Col. But, good Mr. *Crambo*, let's hear ſomething of your own.

Cramb. I write very little of my own, I borrow moſt.

Col. That's a civil word for ſtealing, for ſuch borrowers never pay again.

Cramb. I'le try if I can remember.

Where is the Man?---- Ah hum.

Where is the Man?---- Piſh.

I proteſt I have ſuch a treacherous memory, Oh I have it.

Where is the Man that never heard
Of Dido Carthage *Queen.*

Doct. Where is the man, ſtrange!

Juſt. Admirable! *Where is the man*, oh lofty, very lofty.

Cramb. Let me ſee.

Where is the Man that never heard
Of Dido Carthage *Queen, whoſe Caſtle Walls*
Did fondly echo to her amorous ſighs.

Doct. Oh admirable, *The Walls echo to her ſighs!*

Juſt. Then the loud Echo to a ſigh, ſtrong, pithy!

Codſh. Fine, fine, very fine, the Devil take me.

Col. Why, an Echo to a ſigh is nonſenſe, Gentlemen, a loud Echo is worſe.

Doct. Oh fy, it is Poetical.

Juſt. Very Poetical.

Cramb. Ay, ay, 'tis Poetical.

Col. That which you mean by Poetical is nonſenſical I find; but come hither, Waiter, did you ever hear of *Dido Carthage* Queen?

Footman. No by my Troth, Sir, not I never in my life, I

hope your Worſhip does not think ſo ill of me, for, i'faith, ſome body has done me ſome ill office, I never was acquainted with her in my life.

Juſt. Oh 'tis very fine! the Colonel's Genius does not lie this way: Oh very fine! Pray let's hear ſome more on't.

Where is the man that never heard
Of Dido Carthage *Queen.*

Col. taking Times.
Here is the man that never heard
Of Dido Carthage *Queen.*

Juſt. Is't poſſible?

Lovel. What an unlucky Fellow's this!

Juſt. Oh Heaven! there's the beſt line that ever was, ſpoiled by a Footman.

[*Sir* John *ſteals behind the* Juſtice, *and pins him to the Chair.*

Cramb. Lord, how ignorance will overthrow Learning ſometimes! who would write in this Age?

Col. Come, Juſtice, I find you are very forward, let's hear you recite ſome of your Works.

Juſt. Come on, Colonel, I'de have you know when I was at the Univerſity, I was as arch a Scab, as notable a Wag, as any was in the Colledge.

Sir John. Come on, Juſtice, i'faith; but put about a Glaſs, I begin to be almoſt tipſied, i'faith.

Cramb. So am I too, a little overjoy'd.

Juſt. Now you ſhall hear my Univerſity Verſes, the heat of my Youth, I made an Elegy upon one Mr. *Murrial's* Horſe that died there.

Oh cruel Mors
That kill'd the Horſe
Of Mr. Murial!
Oh Scholars all
Of Pembrook-*Hall*
Come to his Burial.

Sir John. Very good, i'faith.

Juſt. Nay, when I was a young man, nothing could ſcape me, nothing, i'faith.

Col. Ha, ha, very witty, to't again, Juſtice.

Juſt.

Juſt. Well then, there was a Man, his Wife, Son, and Daughter that died, I writ this on 'em.

Here lies John Sanderſon, *and here lies his Wife.*
Here lies his Dagger, and here lies his Knife.
Here lies his Daughter, and here lies his Son.
And oh, oh, oh, oh, for John Sanderſon.

Ha, ha, what ſay you?—— hum.

Col. Excellent at Epitaphs both of Man and Beaſt.

Juſt. Then ſome Rogues ſtole Sheep from one Mr. *Prat*, I made theſe upon good Mr. *Prat.*

Your Weathers were fat,
We thank you for that.
We left the Skins
To buy your Wife Pins,
Thank her for that.
We left the Horns
Upon the Thorns,
Look you to that.

Ha, ha, there was not ſuch a Rakehel in the Town again. They ſaw I could not be a Divine, and ſo I was ſent to the Inns of Court, i'faith.

Codſh. I will ſteal away, and go to my Lady.

[*Ex.* Codſhead.

Juſt. Then at *London* I had ſuch a fancy at Rebuſes, Libels, and Lampoons, this whorſon riming would not leave me, I made this upon one *Rawly.*

What's indigeſted with the word of diſgrace
Is the Gentleman's name that hath a bad face.

Raw is indigeſted, and *ly* the word of diſgrace, *Rawly:* had I been catcht I had been firkt i'faith. Then upon one *Noel.*

The word of denial, and the Letter of fifty
Is the Gentleman's name, that will never be thrifty.

No, the word of denial, and *L.* the Letter of fifty, *Noel.* Had I been known I had been paid, i'faith; but Wit will have its fling in ſpight of the Privy Council, i'faith it will.

Cramb. I muſt beg leave to be gone, I dare not drink more.

[*Ex.* Crambo.

Col. Ay, prethee go, thou art a damn'd dull Fellow.

Sir

Sir John. What a pox is this, one of your Wits? Go they are dull Fellows, the Clinchers are rare men indeed, give me your harmleſs Joques. You ſhall hear a Clincher run from Dipper Napkin, Nipkin to King *Pippin*, i'faith in Wit; I have heard a Dean do it.

Col. Did you ever keep company with a Dean?

Sir John. Yes, yes, and with Privy Councellors too; but they are too grave for me, they will be asking what navigable Rivers, what Commodities our Country abounds in, what Market-Towns, how they are inclin'd, who governs the Country beſt; but you little think what manner of man, I think, the wittieſt man I ever met with in my life.

Juſt. No, i'faith, Sir *John*: fore God, Colonel, I begin to be as drunk as a Drum.

Sir John. I'le tell you now you talk of a Drum, the Devil take me, 'twas a Drummer I ſpoke of.

Col. A Drummer a witty man!

Sir John. Ay, the wittieſt Rogue, my intimate friend, I call him *Tom*, and he calls me *Jack*, for all I am a Knight; he can break a jeſt upon his Drum, would make you ſplit your ſides.

Col. How ſo?

Sir John. He will purr upon the Velum, and then rap upon the wood, makes all the people laugh, and forty other excellent qualities, he is the beſt company in the world, he will act any thing in the world, he will act a ſtubble Gooſe flying over a Gutter, he will act a company of Hogs juſtling in ſtraw for room, but he was old Dog at a Purret and a Turkey cock.

Juſt. This is a rare man indeed.

Sir John. Oh this is nothing, why as well as living Creatures, he would act any thing that had not life in it, as a Pig upon the Spit, nay I have ſeen him act a Windmil.

Col. A Windmil!

Sir John. A Windmil, any thing in the world, a Weather-cock, a Cart-wheel ungreas'd, a door off the Hinges; but he has the fineſt Songs in the world, he ſings this rarely.

And then he did as he was wont,
For he took her faſt by the ha, ha, ha. So

So Gentleman-like, ſo civil it comes off, without any ſcurrility in the world.

Col. Methinks 'tis rude.

Sir John. Oh by your favour, Sir, he means nothing; if wicked interpretation wreſt it, who can help it?

Juſt. In troth it is very pretty.

Sir John. Oh 'tis pity that the Author is forgot, he was certainly the beſt Lyrick Poet in the world, and deſerves a Statue of Braſs.

And then he did as he was wont,
For he took her faſt by the ha, ha, ha.

But drink about a brimmer to my friends health: here, Juſtice, to you.

Juſt. Come on, Sir *John.*

Col. Doctor, wake, what's the matter?

Doct. Drunk, drunk, double, double drunk.

Juſt. Come let's have one Catch, i'faith, I have the rareſt one in the world, the wittieſt and the merrieſt.

Sir John. Come on i'faith, Juſtice.

Juſt. Oh the merry time I have had with this Catch!

What if I turn this over my Thumb,
Then thou art no boon,
Then thou art no boon Companion,
Companion, Companion,
Oh then thou art no boon Companion.

But now you ſhall hear.

But what if I turn this over my Tongue,
Oh then thou art a boon,
Oh then thou art a boon Companion,
Companion, Companion,
Oh then thou art a boon Companion.

Sir John. Very fine; but, Colonel, you want the Drummer's health.

Col. I'le drink ne're a Drummer's health in Chriſtendom.

Sir John. You had not beſt refuſe my friends health, I ſay do not provoke me.

Col. Provoke you! why, what will you do?

Sir

Sir John. What will I do? why I will beat you as long as I am able to beat you, or as long as you are able to be beaten.

Col. Death, you Rascal, beat me! take that. [*Strikes him.*

Sir John. Come, Sir, have at you, I'le tickle your sides.

Just. Hold, hold, Colonel: why, Sir *John*, are you mad?

Doct. Ay, ah, Sir *John*, are you mad?

[Justice *rises with the Chair hanging to his Breech, two or three hold Sir* John.

[*The* Doctor *wakes and runs towards them, and falls down.*

Sir John. Let me go, Oh my Honour, my Honour! I'le cut his throat, Oh let me go, my Honour, my Honour!

Col. We're trouble your self, I shall find a time to answer you. [*Ex.* Colonel.

Enter Nan.

Sir John. Oh but my Honour, my Honour, Gentlemen, that's the thing.

Nan. How now, what's the matter here?

Sir John. Nothing, but I have been fighting a little for my Honour, nothing else.

Just. I will steal out, I am something too drunk, and will repose a while. A pox on this Sir *John* for hanging this Chair at my Breech, it must be he.

[*Ex.* Justice, *and all but Sir* John *and* Nan.

Nan. Don't talk of Honour, now this is the time to look after your Love.

Sir John. Alas, you cannot blame me, my Honour's dear to me; but what progress have you made in my Love?

Nan. So much, that she will marry you presently, and that she says after a while will stop every body's mouth, and free her from all trouble of Suitors that persecute her daily.

Sir John. A thousand thanks, good Mrs. *Anne*; but how shall I do to be married? under the Rose I am damnably drunk.

Nan. That's nothing, you are sober enough to speak after a Person.

Sir John. Ie make a shift.

Nan.

Nan. But I muſt tell you, my Lady will be married privately, and with her Vail on, that it may not be proved, though ſuſpected; for ſhe has ſome Suits at Law in her name, which are near ended: and if her Marriage be known, or can be proved, they muſt be begun again in your's.

Sir John. My Lady has reaſon; but how ſhall I know that it is ſhe? I may marry another inſtead of her.

Nan. You'l know her by her rich Cloaths, her Diamond Ring, and her Bracelet, beſides you ſhall ſee her face juſt before.

Sir John. That's well, ſweet Mrs *Anne*, thou ſhalt have thy 500 Guinnies.

Nan. Go you, and wait you in your own Chamber, I'le bring her and the Parſon to you.

Sir John. Adieu, dear Soul, if I ſhould fall aſleep, being drunk, prethee dear Rogue, wake me.

Nan. I will, but be gone quickly.

Sir John. Adieu, dear, dear Love. [*Ex. Sir* John.

Enter Lady, *and* Codſhead, *and* Colonel.

Codſh. Dear Madam, believe me, adad, no man can love your Ladiſhip better, adad, they cannot, no adad.

Lady. Adad, Sir, no body loves you leſs than I do, adad they do not, no adad. I have private buſineſs with the Colonel, pray leave us, Sir, a while.

Codſh. Well, no more to be ſaid, private buſineſs with the Colonel, ſays ſhe? is it thereabout? I will cut the throat of this Colonel; but I am now as drunk as an Owl: I'le go ſleep firſt, Madam, I leave you to your private buſineſs: Farewel. [*Exit* Codſhead.

Lady. Colonel, you are a Gentleman of Quality and Worth, and I will undeceive you, the reſt are Coxcombs, and will not be anſwer'd.

Col. What do you mean, Madam?

Lady. I will never marry any man, I am reſolv'd to live in freedom.

Col. Why then it cannot be help'd, there's an end on't.

Lady. But if you will marry my Couſin, I will add ſo much to her Fortune, as ſhall redeem your Eſtate.

Col. Da God, Madam, and thank you too; this is that I would have choſen, ſhe's a very pretty Gentlewoman.

Lady. Go find her, and make your application to her preſently.

Col. I will, Madam: your Servant. [*Exit* Colonel.

Nan. Oh, Madam, if your Ladiſhip does not ſtand my friend I am undone, now is the time.

Lady. How ſo?

Nan. I have planted Sir *John Noddy*, be pleaſed to lend me your Diamond Ring and Bracelet.

Lady. There; but what then?

Nan. If your Ladiſhip would be pleaſed now to ſtep up with me into his Chamber, and only ſay to him you will come preſently, and then go out, and put off that Petticoat, and lend it me, I were ſure of him.

Lady. With all my heart, and much good may it do you with him. Here comes the Colonel and my Couſin, I'le withdraw. [*Ex.* Lady *and* Nan.

Enter Colonel *and* Iſabella.

Col. Faith, Madam, I think my Lady's propoſition is very reaſonable, and da God, Madam, if you can like me, let's make a few words as can be about it.

Iſab. You are the haſtieſt Colonel that ever was.

Col. Faith, Madam, I am in haſte, and that's a ſign of great Love; I love you ten times better than the Widow; I am an honeſt blunt Fellow, but da God you ſhall find me a Man of Honour.

Iſab. I do not doubt your Honour, but I muſt be careful of my own.

Col. The beſt way for your Honour is to marry quickly; if marrying be a good thing, why then the ſooner the better: I am honeſt, you ſhall find I will love you very well, and uſe you as a Gentleman ſhould do, and that's the ſhort and long on't: never ſtand, Shall I, Shall I, but take my Lady in the humour.

Iſab.

Iſab. Good Colonel, you'l over-ſet me, give me leave to retire and conſider a while: your Servant. [*Ex.* Iſab.

Col. Nay I'le not leave her, I am reſolv'd on't, till I get her in the humour. [*Ex.* Colonel.

Enter Footpad *with Officers to be hang'd, and a great many people, Men, Women, and Children following him.*

Officers. Room for the Priſoner there, room for the Priſoner.

Footp. Make room there, 'tis a ſtrange thing, a man cannot get to be hang'd without crowding for it.

1 *Fellow.* Pray, Sir, were not you akin to one *Hinde?*

Footp. No, I had run away faſter then.

2 *Fellow.* Pray Priſoner before your death clear your conſcience, and tell me truly, Had you not a Gingerline Cloth-Cloke of mine with an Olive Pluſh Cape, bound about with a little Silver Galoon Lace.

Footp. I ſcorn your thread-bare lowſie Cloke, you had beſt ſend to *London* to ſearch *Long-Lane*, and hang ſome Broker for't.

Woman. Pray anſwer me, as you have a Chriſtian Soul, did not you ſteal all my head-gear once?

Footp. Pox on your gear, I never medled with it.

Marg. I am ſure you had my Lady's gilt Caudle-cup.

Footp. Yes, and would have kept it, but ſhe has it again, has ſhe not?

James. And the Plate out of my Buttery.

Footp. Well, and had ſhe it not again? what a pox would you have? You examine me as if you would hang me, after I am hang'd: pray Officers rid me of theſe impertinent people, and let me die in quiet.

1 *Woman.* Oh Lord how angry he is! that ſhews he is a right Reprobate, I'le warrant you.

Footp. I believe if all you were to be hang'd (which I hope may be in good time) you'd not be very merry.

2 *Woman.* No, we'l ſee you hang'd firſt: Lord, what a down look he has!

1 *Woman.* Ay, and what a Cloud in his Forehead! Goody *Twattle* mark that.

2 *Woman.* Ay, and ſuch frowning wrinkles too, I warrant you, not ſo much as a ſmile from him.

Footp. Smile, quoth ſhe? though 'tis ſport for you, 'tis none for me I aſſure you.

1 *Woman.* Ay, but 'tis ſo long before you're hang'd.

Footp. I wiſh it longer, good Woman.

1 *Man.* Prethee Mr. Thief, let this be a warning to you for ever doing the like again.

Footp. I promiſe you it ſhall.

2 *Woman.* That's well, thank you with all my heart, Law, that was ſpoken like a precious godly man, now.

1 *Woman.* By my truly, methinks now he is a very proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a Summers day.

Footp. Ay, ſo are all that are hang'd, the Gallows adds a great deal of grace to ones perſon.

2 *Woman.* I vow he is a lovely man, 'tis pity he ſhould be taken away, as they ſay, in the flower of his age.

1 *Woman.* Happy are we that die in our beds, my Maſters.

Footp. We that are hang'd go a nearer way by twenty or thirty years: pray try, my Maſters, and I'le follow, I had rather be Epilogue than Prologue to this Tragi-Comedy; I ſee you have no mind to go to Heaven yet for all your pretended zeal, you would ſtill live in this vale of miſery and tranſitory peregrinations; but if any be ambitious to be exalted, I'le render him my place.

2 *Man.* No, no, thank you, Sir, 'tis well as 'tis.

Footp. To ſee the villany of man, to joy in one another's miſeries more than in their ſeven deadly ſins.

Officer. Come diſpatch, what a pox ſhall we ſtay all day, and neglect our buſineſs to hang one Thief?

2 *Offic.* Pray be hang'd quickly, Sir, for I am to go to a Fayr juſt by.

1 *Offic.* And I am to meet ſome friends to drink out a ſtand of Ale by and by, I muſt have you hang'd quickly, my friends will ſtay on me.

1 *Wom.* Nay, pray let him ſpeak and die like a Chriſtian.

2 *Wom.*

2 *Wom.* Oh I have heard brave Speeches at this place before.

1 *Man.* Ay, and I have heard 'em ſing melodiouſly here, like Nightingals I vow.

Footp. Well, good people, if I may be bold to call you ſo, this Pulpit was not of my chuſing, I ſhall ſhortly preach mortality to you without ſpeaking; therefore pray take example by me, and then I know what will become of ye, ſhortly I will ſet a Death's head before ye, to put you in mind of your ends, *Memento mori.*

1 *Man.* Oh he ſpeaks rarely.

2 *Man.* Ay, and he's a Scholard, and does Latine it.

Footp. I will be, I ſay, your *memento mori*, hoping you will all follow me: I have been too covetous, and at laſt taken for't, and am very ſorry for't; I have been a great ſinner, and condemn'd for it, which grieves me not a little, that I made not my eſcape, and ſo I heartily repent it, and ſo I die with this true Confeſſion.

1 *Wom. weep.*] Mercy on him, for a better man was never hang'd.

2 *Wom.* So true and hearty repentance, and ſo pious!

2 *Man.* Help him up higher on the Ladder; now you are above us all.

Footp. Truly I deſire you were all equal with me, I have no pride in this world.

1 *Man.* Will not you ſing, Sir, before you're hang'd?

Footp. No I thank you, I am not ſo merrily diſpoſed, Sir.

Hangman. Come, are you ready?

Footp. Yes, I have been preparing for you theſe many years.

1 *Wom.* Mercy on him, and ſave his better part.

2 *Wom.* Oh to ſtop ſo ſweet a Pipe!

1 *Wom.* You ſee what we muſt all come to.

1 *Fell.* I, that's certain.

[*A Poſt windes his Horn, and comes with a Reprieve.*

Poſt. Hold, hold.

Offic. What's the matter?

Poſt. Here's a Reprieve from his Majeſty.

Offic.

Offic. A Reprieve? how came that?

Post. My Lady *Haughty* procur'd it by her Brothers means, and he shall have his Pardon.

Footp. Say you so, Sir? Thank you with all my heart, it came in the nick, Sir, thank my Lady, for truly, Sir, she has obliged me very much in it.

Man. Pish, what must he not be hang'd now?

Man. What did we come all this way for this?

Wom. Take all this pains to see nothing!

Footp. Very pious good people, I shall show you no sport to day.

Post. My Lady desires he may be brought to her house hard by.

Footp. I will always say while I live, that her Ladiship's a civil person.

Offic. Come along. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Lady, Justice, Codshead, *and* Crambo.

Lady. Come, Mr. *Crambo*, have you thought of any pretty Entertainment for us?

Cramb. I have done the main part of it.

Lady. What is that?

Cramb. Why, Madam, the Dance and the Show, that's the first thing we Heroicks think on when we write.

Lady. Pray let's have that in the mean time.

Cramb. That you shall, Madam, they have been practising now, and are just ready, strike up Musick.

[*A Mimick Dance of Masqueraders in different odd Habits.*

Lady. Thank you, Mr. *Crambo.* This Dance is very well written indeed, as fine a pen'd Dance as can be: I'le go see what's become of my Cousin and the Colonel; I'le wait upon you presently. [*Exit* Lady.

Enter Sir John *and* Nan *masked.*

Sir John. Come faith, Madam, discover your self now you are my Wife, that we may be rid of these Coxcombs, poor sneaking Fools.

Just.

Juſt. How now, Sir *John*, what Lady is that?

Sir John. You may go home again, you may go, Gentlemen.

Codſh. Why, what's the matter?

Sir John. What's the matter? my Lady has engaged her ſelf to me, we will make them welcome now and then at our houſe, though, Madam, they are good honeſt Gentlemen, fa, la, fa, la.

Codſh. What do you mean? what Lady do you ſpeak of?

Sir John. None but the Lady of the Houſe, Sir, that's all.

Juſt. She the Lady of the Houſe!

Sir John. What a Devil! do I ſee my Lady's Ghoſt there? I have got my Lady.

Enter Lady Haughty, Col. Iſabella, *and the Servants.*

Nan. No, Sir, you have not, I will not counterfeit her perſon any longer.

Sir John. Hah, hah, what's this?

Nan. Even ſo, Sir.

Sir John. Death and Hell, Furies, Devil, Damnation, Murder.

Juſt. Well, Sir, we will come and viſit you at your Houſe.

Sir John. Death, I'le cut all your throats, you Raſcals.

[*Draws.*

Lady. Hold, Sir *John*, let me ſpeak with you, be not ſo paſſionate, ſhe whom you have married, is a better Gentlewoman than you are a Gentleman; her Father was a Gentleman, your's an Ironmonger at *London*; her's was ruin'd by Loyalty, as your's was raiſed by Rebellion.

Sir John. Is ſhe ſuch a Gentlewoman?

Lady. Beſides, to my knowledge ſhe was extremely in Love with you; this, with the conſideration that it cannot be undone, may appeaſe your choler.

Sir John. Ay, but now I have loſt all hopes of your Ladiſhip.

Lady. There's nothing loſt, for I will never marry any man, you ſhall preſently hear my ſolemn reſolutions.

Sir

Sir John. Nay then I am contented, I never had a Woman in love with me before.

Lady. Now, Colonel, I wish you Joy with my Cousin, the money shall be paid when you will for the redemption of your Estate.

Cramb. Death, have I lost my *Gloria?* I am undone, I shall have my Spleen again.

Col. You're a noble Lady, and I have a Sword and Arm at your service; always and Madam *Isabella*, who are my lawful Wife, you shall find I will behave my self like a Gentleman, and like a Man of Honour.

Isab. I do not doubt it, I had heard that Character of you, or I had not ventur'd on you.

Col. Da God, Madam, I love and honour you, and will do as long as I live, and there's an end on't.

Lady. Call all my Servants and the new-married Couples in.

Enter all Servants, &c.

Just. Now, Madam, since you have disposed of those Gentlemen, I hope you have reserv'd your self for me.

Lady. I assure you I have not, nor will I ever marry you; examine your age, and you will find you are not in such great need of a Wife, as you think.

Just. Operam & oleum perdidi, as the Latines have it.

Codsh. I find, Madam, you have disposed of you two, and denied the Justice, which makes me apt to believe you intend me the honour of being your Husband.

Lady. Never, Sir, upon my word; since I have refus'd Gentlemen of the best Fortunes, the best bred men, and the wittiest men of *England*, why should you imagine I would marry you?

Codsh. Nay, God take me I can't tell, Madam.

Lady. Nor I, Sir, I assure you.

Codsh. Then there's an end on't, there no more to be said.

Enter

Enter Footpad *with Officers.*

Nan. Madam, here's the Priſoner that was to be hang'd.

Lady. So, Sir, I hope this warning will make you leave off ſtealing, and live honeſt.

Footp. If it be poſſible to break an ill habit, I will, Madam, I give your Ladiſhip a thouſand thanks; for as the caſe ſtood, you could not have done me a greater courteſie.

Col. Is your Ladiſhip reſolved never to marry?

Lady. No, becauſe this Age affords not ſuch a man as I would have.

Col. What man would you have?

Lady. I am reſolved never to marry,

Till I can find a man of noble blood,
With Vertues greater than his Pedigree,
One that fears nothing but to do a wrong,
Remembring every thing but injuries;
Who has courage beyond the Lion in his pride,
Yet hides that courage in his gentle breaſt:
That's juſt for Juſtice ſake, and one that weighs
All things in Judgment's balance with clear ſight,
Can hit the mark of men and buſineſs:
That prudently foreſees from what is paſt
With Wit equal to all the Roman Poets,
With Fancy quick and ſharp, yet not offenſive:
His Diſcourſe clear and ſhort, and what's his own,
Eaſie and natural on all occaſions:
Of Nature excellent, a melting Soul,
Ready ſtill to oblige all Mankind, were it in his power.

This is the Man I would enjoy.

Col. When do you think to find such a man? God take me, I'le not be such a man for such a Widow.

Lady. Nor I neither, I desire to be a Politician and a States-man, for nothing but that I may have power to do wrong, there is such pleasure in it.

Till such a man I find I'le sit alone,
And triumph in the liberty I owne:
Ine're will wear a matrimonial Chain,
But safe and quiet in this Throne remain,
And absolute Monarch o're my self will raign.

FINIS.

Epilogue by *Footpad.*

Worthy Spectators, though I was a Rogue,
I here preſume to ſpeak the Epilogue.
For my offences I was doom'd to day,
But in the nick found mercy in our Play.
Now I am clear, no puniſhment is due
To me, except freſh Crimes I act anew.
If you are pleas'd, let me by you be freed,
Or I ſhall wiſh that I were hang'd indeed.

Epilogue by Lady *Haughty.*

'Tis not the Poet with celeſtial fire,
Nor all the Muſes that can him inſpire
To write well, 'tis in you the power is had,
'Tis as you make it either good or bad;
But he in hopes of your kind Judgment ſtands,
Which he would have confirm'd by all your hands.